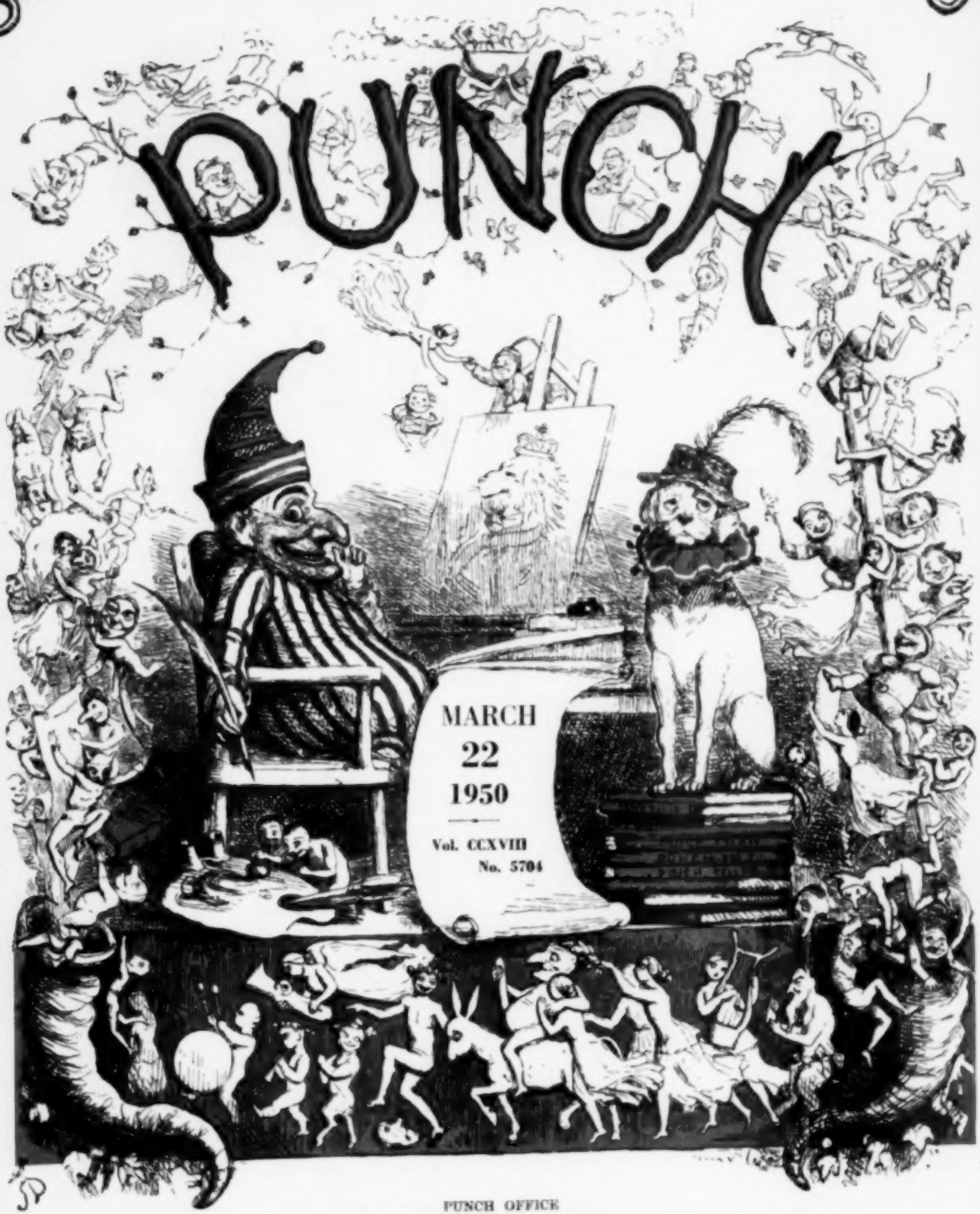
PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22 1950

6D 6D

PUNCH



PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

In achieving perfection quality must be as consistent in detail as in fundamentals

ROLLS-ROYCE

are supplied with

CHAMPION

PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG CO., LTD.
FELTHAM · MIDDLESEX

H·M·V H·M·V

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

The Hallmark of Quality

H·M·V H·M·V

From a Clergyman in the West Country came this tribute to BARNEYS goodness

His actual words and writing tell the Barneys story briefly—"*It soothes the restless soul and is unbeatable.*"

Barney's Tobacco is unbeatable. It soothes the restless Soul in a riotous Age.
Yours very truly
L. B. D.

Smokers of Barneys are of all ages and callings. Week by week, from places near and far, they write in praise of its constant charm; and grateful and proud we are to publish their spontaneous comments.

(All original letters can be inspected)

TO YOUNGER SMOKERS, EVERYWHERE!

In your quest for the tobacco of abiding joy, you are asked to give trial to Barneys—which has won so many friends from the recommendations of older smokers.

Barneys (*medium*). **Parsons Pleasure** (*mild*). **Punchbowle** (*full*). **4/3½ the oz. each.**

(313a) **John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle upon Tyne.**

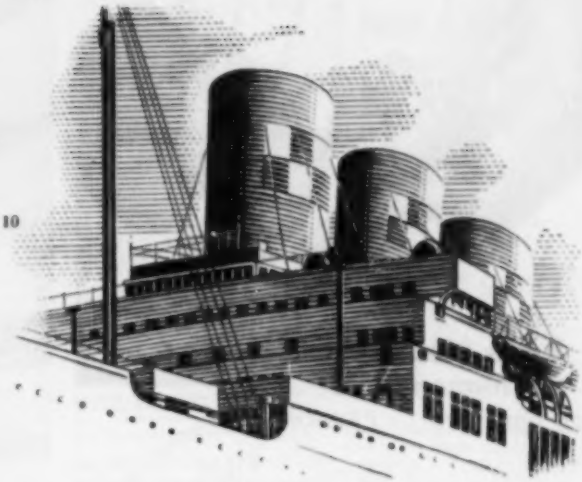
THE *NEW*

EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND

(26,000 tons)

First sailing from Liverpool May 9 from Greenock May 10
Minimum Fares First Class £90 Tourist £55-10s.

With the addition of this superb ship to the Canadian Pacific fleet, a White Empress will sail for Canada every week, with special amenities of ocean-rail tickets direct to destination. Ask also for information about Canadian Pacific Air Line Services to Australia, Japan and Hong Kong. Your authorised agent or



Canadian Pacific

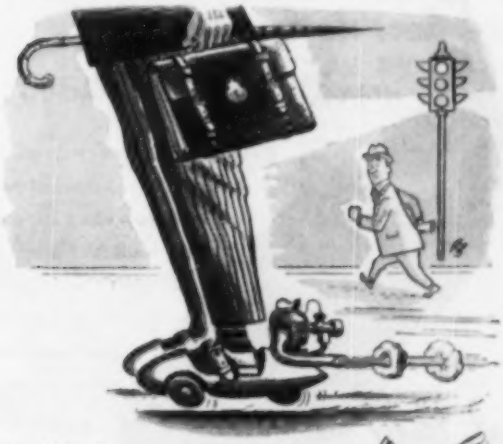
Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. (Whitehall 5100).
103 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3. (Avenue 4707) LONDON;
and offices throughout Britain and the Continent.

BURNETT'S

WHITE SATIN GIN

Made especially for superior tastes, and for those who are learning to acquire them.
Ask your wife to order a bottle.
Maximum U.K. price 32/4 per bottle.

Whatever the shape of things to come . . .



I will give you

MORE MILES PER GALLON !

says *MR. MERCURY*

NATIONAL BENZOLE MIXTURE

A still from a Pathe Pictorial film, taken at Personna's Glasgow factory

Razor Blade splits a human hair!

Daily factory test for PERSONNA

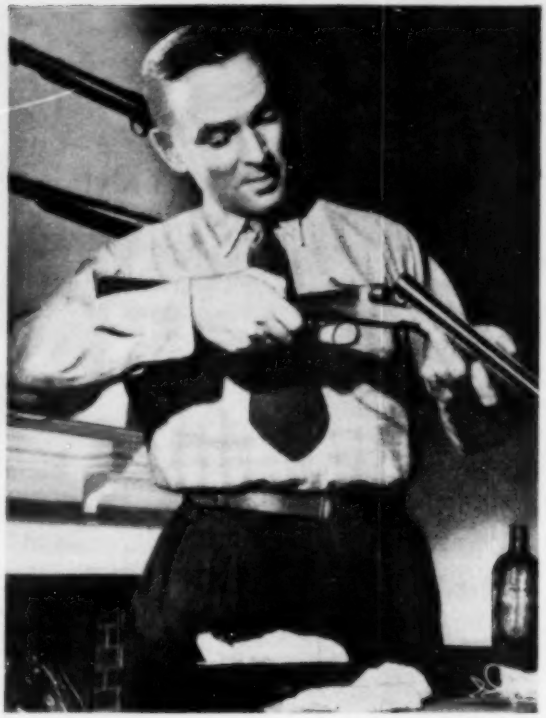
THINK of the thickness of a human hair—then think of a razor blade that can split it—into 7 or more different strands! Incredible? But it's a routine test for Personna Precision Blades! No wonder they're the sharpest—no wonder they give you the best shave of all.

They're hollow ground, too, just like a master barber's razor—and they're leather stropped and individually honed as well. Yes, Personna Precision Blades are something *new* in razor blades—try them, and you'll wonder how on earth you managed to shave with anything else.

PERSONNA

Precision Blades

In packets of **5 for 1/3** *(incl. tax) and* **10 for 2/6** *(incl. tax)*



For country days
and restful nights

'Viyella'

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE

MEN'S SHIRTS AND PYJAMAS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'DAYELLA' AND 'CLYDELLA'

Shoes so long-lived merit care in fitting..

It's as well these shoes can only be bought at a Saxone shop. A fractional error in fitting—and what a long time there would be for regrets! At Saxones, we don't deal in 'near enough'. We *fit*—as only skilled men can.

Full Brogue in Brown Suede
63/11d

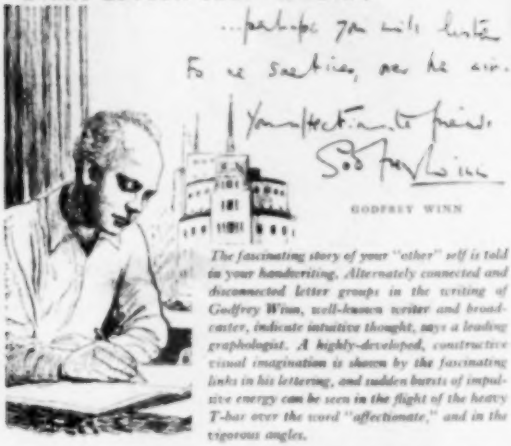
at the

SAXONE SHOP

they couldn't care more

241 Regent St., 60 Old Broad St., 64 Gracechurch St., 11 Cheapside, 40 Strand, 145 Kensington High Street. Shops throughout the country.

EVERY LETTER TELLS A STORY



The fascinating story of your "other" self is told in your handwriting. Alternately connected and disconnected letter groups in the writing of Godfrey Winn, well-known writer and broadcaster, indicate intuitive thought, says a leading graphologist. A highly-developed, constructive visual imagination is shown by the fascinating links in his lettering, and sudden bursts of impulsive energy can be seen in the flight of the heavy T-bar over the word "affectionate," and in the vigorous angles.

Every letter that you write reveals your personality—not only in your handwriting, and in the words you choose, but also in the notepaper you write on.

There is no more pleasing notepaper than Basildon Bond—it is a credit to the sender and a compliment to the receiver! For many years this crisp, perfectly-surfaced writing paper has been the first choice of discriminating people, and today, increases in supplies of the finest paper-making materials make possible the highest standard of excellence! Of just the right thickness and texture to please the touch, and speed the pen, it is the ideal notepaper for all tastes and every occasion.

Basildon Bond

THE CHOICE OF DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE

INVEST WITH SECURITY

2 1/4 % SHARE INTEREST

Income Tax paid by Society

Individual investments are invited in sums of £25 upwards (maximum £5,000). Withdrawals at any time after agreed notice.

Church of England Building Society

(Incorporated 1882)

Assets exceed £6,000,000

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

HEAD OFFICE: 6 & 7, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

Please send me your "Safe Investment" Booklet and balance sheet.

NAME .....
(In block letters)
ADDRESS .....
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LAMBERT & BUTLER'S

STRAIGHT CUT cigarettes . .

. . . when people meet

20 for 3'10

Uncommonly Good—even among Good Cigarettes

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. S.C.3A

A mail order Carton of Flower's Special Brew

delivered to you by return

All connoisseurs of fine Ale recognise the quality of Flower's Brews—formerly available only in a restricted area, this extra strong Special Brew can now be sent to you personally in any part of Britain—12 Nip (½-pint) bottles in a handy carton.

NO DEPOSIT—NOTHING TO RETURN

Write to-day for illustrated brochure giving details to:—

FLOWER & SONS, LTD.,
Mail Order Department B.5, Stratford-on-Avon.

- caters magnificently for 7 to 9 people
- extremely low fuel bills
- ovens and hotplate always hot
- large 3-pan size boiling hotplate
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- no oven flues to clean
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4-oven ESSE Fairy

Literature from
The ESSE COOKER Company
Prop: Smith & Wellstood Ltd
Est 1854 Head Office: Bonnybridge, Stirlingshire
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with boiler £98. 7. 6
without boiler £88.17. 6
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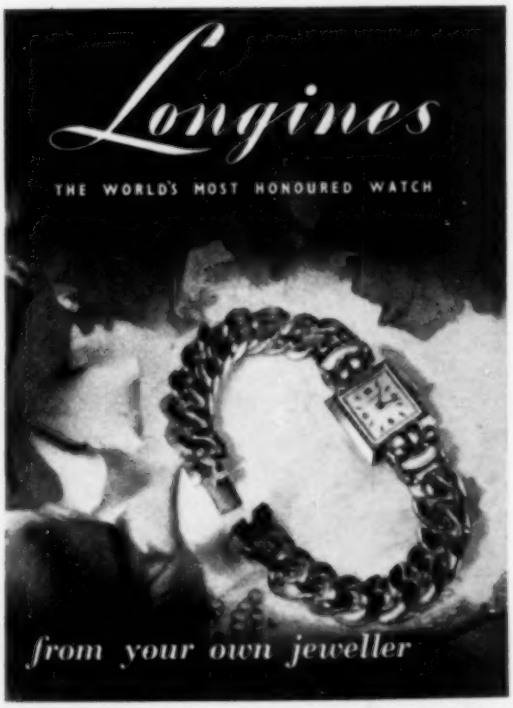
2-oven Fairy ('R' Type) can be converted to 4-oven cooker.

For 100 years Froy craftsmen have specialized in the design and construction of fine fireplaces, from the elaborate creations of early Victorian times to the simple, yet highly effective designs of today.

A magnificent selection of fireplaces in marble, stone, briquette and tile is now displayed at our London showrooms. You are cordially invited to pay us a visit in this, our Centennial year, or to write for a copy of our new brochure.

FROY

W. N. FROY & SONS LTD., Brunswick Works, HAMMERSMITH, LONDON
Showroom entrance: 64 King Street, W.6. Telephone: RIVerside 4101



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A NEW BEDROOM SUITE

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Dressing stool, to match above, covered in tapestry **£2. 0. 0**

*** See our exhibit at the "Ideal Home Exhibition," Stand No. 37**

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HEAL & SON LTD., 196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1

Telephone: MUSeum 1666 *Telegrams: Fourposter, Rath, London*

spun the special **LAVENDA** way

for *unchanging*

quality

This easy, wearable coat in soft check wool is just right for Spring, and holiday travel. Can be worn without the belt. Beige and brown check, wedgewood/brown, grey/white, navy/red, gunmetal/primrose, smoke blue/brown or stone/tan.

SW, W, WC. Approximately **£8. 10. 0**

Coats . . . first floor

Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1 SLOane 3440

British Airmanship

SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF

The past 30 years have seen not only the development of British airlines from the first London-Paris service to a vast network covering nearly 70 countries, but also the steady maturing of something beyond machines and scientific progress. Throughout Britain and the world this has come to be known as British Airmanship and already it has earned a significance comparable with that which traditionally attaches to British Seamanship.

British Airmanship sums up the reputation for skill, enterprise and reliability which in just over a generation of air travel has become inseparably associated with British airmen — something, indeed, to be proud of.

FLY BRITISH

ISSUED BY BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION AND BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

To a Banker's Credit . . .

The construction of inland waterways greatly contributed to the success of the Industrial Revolution. Among the Commissioners appointed in 1768 to examine the financial aspect of canal development was a banker: Sampson Lloyd, one of the founders of Lloyds Bank.

It is no coincidence that to-day those who have constructive plans for the development of commercial and industrial projects which can perform a useful public service turn to Lloyds Bank for guidance and financial support.

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED 1677

HEAD OFFICE: *71 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3*

A new FISHING YARN!

Not a fishing story but a new line material. If you are interested in lines that are

- MUCH STRONGER
- MUCH MORE WATERPROOF
- THAT DO NOT STRETCH
- THAT DO NOT ROT
- THAT LOOK & FEEL BEAUTIFUL

. . . drop us a line for our pamphlet on fly, spinning, bottom and sea lines in "Terylene" Polyester Yarn made only by MILWARDS.

Visit us at the
B.I.F., Stand G3
OLYMPIA, May 8—19th.

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FISHING TACKLE
... a name to angle with !
REDDITCH ENGLAND

The First Cigar for the best days

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Don Garcia

MADE IN FIVE SIZES

Trade Enquiries: "Don Garcia" Liaison Bureau, 11 Bedford Sq., W.C.1

Continuous performance

Fill a Sparklets Syphon with water, "charge" it with a Sparklets Bulb — and instantly a syphon of fresh zesty "soda" is yours! You're never without "soda" with a Sparklets Syphon — refilling takes only a few moments. Distinctive . . . handsome . . . in chromium with red, green or black relief, the Streamline model harmonizes with any surroundings.

Price complete with Drip Tray 74/9d.

Supplies limited due to export needs.

Ask your chemist or stores for particulars or write for illustrated leaflet to:—

SPARKLETS LTD LONDON N.18

SPARKLETS *Refillable* SYPHONS

DAKS SUITS

way ahead!

A minor revolution in modern dress. Daks, the famous self-supporting trousers, with a well-cut jacket of the same material. In fact, a Daks Suit — superb comfort and smartness, unmarred by any showing of braces or constricting belt. There are Daks Suits, single or double-breasted, in specially chosen materials for town, country and evening wear. The nearest Simpson agent will be delighted to show them to you.

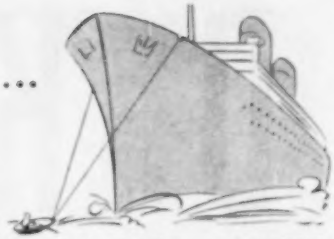
SIMPSON TAILORED

Van Heusen

THE WORLD'S BEST

Shirts and Collars

It's fantastic...



the exhilaration and comfort of wearing 'LITESOME' is equally fantastic until you try it. Health and vitality—ease and security—common sense and economy go hand in hand with this natural male underwear! Be on top of the world—give life a lift. . . . wear a 'LITESOME.'

Outfitters, Sports Shops, Chemists stock your size, to fit snugly—perfectly!. . . . don't delay!

STANDARD MODEL 6/10. MAYFAIR MODEL 16/9.

LITESOME SUPPORTER *For men*

If your dealer cannot supply, order C.O.D. (state waist size) direct from FRED HURTLEY LTD., VICTORIA MILLS, KEIGHLEY, YORKS.

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Scarborough

Famous for Outstanding Value

• Now booking for the Summer Season • To avoid disappointment, early enquiries and reservations are advisable • Fullest particulars will be sent on application

27/- to 33/- per day

T. N. LAUGHTON
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Completely yours!

All that you can wish for in the way of cuisine, appointments, service and scenery are yours at the Palace. Add to this dancing, golf, tennis, cinema, squash, swimming, all in the inclusive terms, and the Perfect Holiday becomes a reality.

PALACE HOTEL
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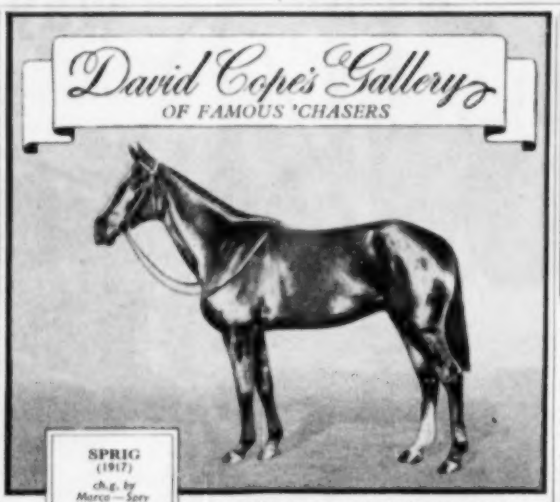
David Cope's Gallery
OF FAMOUS 'CHASERS



SPRIG
(1917)
ch.g. by
Marco — Spry

SPRIG, ridden in 1927 by T. E. Leader, was the last favourite to win the Grand National. His first appearance was as a hurdler, and he soon ran up a number of successes over minor obstacles. He was put to 'chasing in 1924 and won his first two races over fences and, towards the end of the year, the Stanley 'Chase at Liverpool. He finished fourth in the Grand National in 1925 and 1926.

The continuing tradition of the British Turf has its counterpart in the unbroken service which has been offered to sportsmen by David Cope, Ltd., for more than half a century. Our free, illustrated brochure describes that service.

You can depend on COPE'S

DAVID COPE LTD., LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4
"The World's Best Known Turf Accountants"

SMEDLEY'S HYDRO
MATLOCK in Picturesque Derbyshire

Famous for nearly a century as a curative resort; also provides unrivalled facilities for the holiday-maker.

Inclusive terms from 21/- per day.

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Special EASTER & WHITSUNTIDE PROGRAMMES on application.

ANNUAL BOWLS, TENNIS & CROQUET TOURNAMENTS in AUGUST.

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THE WESTERN ISLES HOTEL

Overlooking Tobermory Bay in the lovely Isle of Mull, this hotel offers you a perfect holiday; Golf, Tennis, River, Sea and Loch Fishing; Rough Shooting; Excursions. Excellent Cuisine and modern comfort, including vita-glass sun lounge and bright cocktail bar. Brochure with pleasure.

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Unsurpassed Cuisine. Licensed. Central Heating. Magnificent position overlooking sea, near moors and coast. Bathing, Sailing, riding, 2 Golfcourses, Own Tennis Court. Garage. Ballroom. Resident orchestra during season. Terms from 30/- per day per person.

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You'll enjoy it LONG *or* SHORT

Prunier
B and S COGNAC BRANDY

With plain, soda, or mineral water, how it refreshes, stimulates, *satisfies!* Neat it is ideal for medicinal purposes.

Sold by wine merchants, stores and bars everywhere. Ask for Prunier B and S COGNAC BRANDY by name *and insist on getting it!*

JAS. PRUNIER & CO. COGNAC

ESCAPE TO THE PAST

A portrait in soup

A century ago, when French cookery had reached such heights that a celebrated chef excited more national homage than a famous soldier or statesman, one man portrayed the character of a good woman in a soup.

If Beethoven, with the Pastoral Symphony, could successfully portray a landscape, he reasoned, why not a soup depicting virtuous womanhood?

The two most important symbols he selected were the acidity of sorrel and the softness of cream. These gave his beneficent potion a gracious suavity, with a subacid flavour, to remind one of the little gleams of temper without which the exquisite creature could not be a woman. Then he added fowl or chicken broth in the memory of Dame Partelot and her loyalty to Chanticleer. Finally, he introduced a good allowance of butter symbolizing the adulation of courtship. The whole he called "Bonne Femme".

Bonne Femme fed the appetite — but it fired the imagination, too.

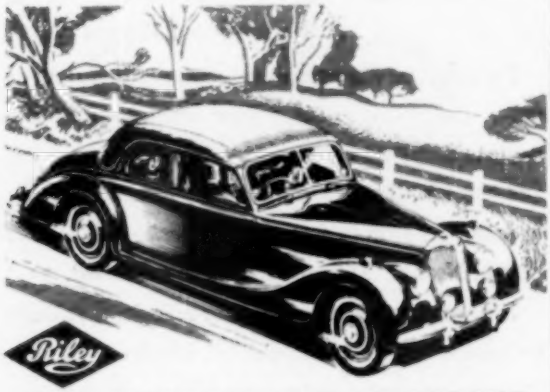
* * *

Today, apart from such delicacies as Bonne Femme, little remains of that age of lavish leisure. We can still thrill to the orange propinquity of a Bermuda Moon or the elegance of a Dresden figure. But what further have we?

A hint of luxury survives in Perfectos Cigarettes. Made by Player's according to the finest traditions of that world-famous House, blended by the world's finest craftsmen, they are packed in boxes of 50 and 100. In an imperfect world Perfectos Cigarettes are just about perfect.

"PERFECTOS FINOS"
CIGARETTES

P.P.4.



FOR MAGNIFICENT MOTORING

you get a hint of it as soon as you see the Riley. It has the perfect proportions of a British thoroughbred. Your impression is confirmed when you settle in the driving seat. And when you reach the open road you know for certain. Here is a car of character, built for those who enjoy motoring for its own sake.

100 h.p. 2½ litre saloon £958. Purchase Tax £266.17.2
1½ litre Saloon £714. Purchase Tax £199.1.8

RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, Sales Division: COWLEY, OXFORD
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Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd. Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1

it's like a night at home . . .

. . . but you wake up in New York

You leave London in the evening on an AOA Stratocruiser, world's largest airliner . . . dine in comfort . . . go downstairs to the lounge for your 'nightcap' and then turn in. Meals and drinks are 'on the house.' ★ ★ ★ ***You stretch out in your berth,*** riding smoothly above the weather . . . your sleep protected by soundproof walls ★ ★ You have breakfast in New York . . . rested, refreshed, ready for business. The fee for your berth is only £8.18.6 ★ Incidentally, only AOA offer the services of offices in 77 cities in USA, Canada and Mexico. See your local travel agent or ***American Overseas Airlines,*** 35 St James's Street London SW1 Telephone: GROSVENOR 3055.

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9/4208

Announcing the new feature..

Footprints

AN INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO SHOES

ADVERTISING employs a variety of weapons to reduce its victims to the necessary state of slap-happy submission. In this new series of shoe advertisements, however, we are going to bar the more brutal forms of coercion. Our methods will be strictly humane.

We shall attempt (Editor please note) to make this column as interesting as the rest of the paper. Needless to say it will tell you about the shoes you can see at Manfield shops; and it will even suggest in a well-bred way that you might consider buying them. But although we are shoe manufacturers—and pretty good ones—our minds are not entirely one-track. We are equally prepared, for instance, to discuss the feet inside the shoes, and for that matter the whole vast subject of walking. And walking can take one almost anywhere.

We intend to enjoy writing these advertisements. We may even succeed in making you read them. So look out for the next thrilling instalment.

SHOES FROM

Manfield

MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION

"Why not take an aspirin?
. . . I mean a Disprin"

For everyone who sometimes needs aspirin to relieve pain, science has made a new advance. Research workers have long been trying to overcome the acidity and low solubility of aspirin. They have been trying to provide aspirin in a neutral (*non-acid*) and soluble tablet. Now in 'Disprin' they have succeeded.

Disprin confers all the pain-relieving, sedative benefits of aspirin and additional benefits of its own. Because it is neutral and soluble, it gives relief without the likelihood of discomfort or gastric irritation. Because it is truly dissolved, Disprin passes speedily into the system, and its pain-relieving, soothing effects are felt without delay.

DISPRIN is recommended for all those conditions in which, hitherto, aspirin would have been taken. *Bottle of 26 tablets 2/-. From all chemists*

RECKITT & COLMAN LTD., HULL AND LONDON (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT., HULL)

The good that lives on

There are so many ways of hurting a child. Lack of love and companionship, confinement, for whole days at a time, alone in a bare room — these are examples of the not-so-obvious forms of cruelty. And so, if you want to make a bequest to a really good cause, you could not find a better one than the NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN. Its business is to protect and it only prosecutes when help and advice have failed.

when making your will, please remember the

N · S · P · C · C

Information gladly supplied on application to The Director, N.S.P.C.C., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. Telephone: Gerrard 2774

Talking at high pressure reminds me of

ERMETO

self-sealing SAFETY COUPLINGS

for Gas, Oil and Water pipe lines

Of course if high pressures — up to 20,000 p.s.i. — are your problem you will use Ermeto pipe couplings. In any case the saving they achieve in labour cost is really quite considerable.

Ermeto couplings are available in straight or multiple form for steel, copper, brass and aluminium tubes. We shall be glad to send on request further information together with details of Ermeto high-pressure valves, etc.

BRITISH ERMETO CORPN LTD
MAIDENHEAD BERKS

Boon Companions

Each smoke with John Cotton is like a meeting between old friends . . . the pleasure never palls. Such is the virtue of good tobacco ; whether it be that first after-breakfast puff or the last pipe or cigarette before bedtime, John Cotton is the unfailing companion . . . even-burning, cool and satisfying to the last, with no artificial flavouring to mar its fragrance.

John Cotton Tobacco Nos. 1 & 2 -	4/9 an oz.
No. 4 - -	4/5 "
Empire - -	4/1½ "
No. 1 Cigarettes - - - - - -	3/10 for 20

BY APPOINTMENT CIGAR MERCHANTS TO H.M. THE KING

JOHN COTTON

A trusted Tobacco — a perfect Cigarette

MADE IN EDINBURGH SINCE 1776

Navigator —V·I·P

In the aircraft of the future, flying not far short of sonic speeds, no one will have a more exacting job nor contribute more directly to success than the R.A.F. Navigator—so vital will be his knowledge of air navigation. It is to men of his intellectual and moral calibre that the Air Force looks for its future leaders. Navigators (and pilots) considered suitable are guaranteed commissions before they start their flying and officer training, subject to the satisfactory completion of the course. Signallers, engineers and gunners, will have, later on, the opportunity of commissions in a ground branch.

There are also special opportunities for certain qualified Pilots, Navigators and Signallers who are above the normal age limits for direct entrants.

Learn to fly in the

ROYAL AIR FORCE

and be trained to lead!

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IT SHOULD BE INSURED

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CHARIVARIA

An M.P. recalls political personalities whose very presence was capable of "bringing down the house." Nowadays attention is centred on the personalities whose very absence would be capable of bringing down the Government.

"Despite films, radio, television, dog tracks and speedway racing the outlook for the London stage is cheerful," says a critic, "and there are no long faces in the theatrical profession." Honourable exceptions belong to Messrs. Jack Hulbert and Tommy Trinder.

"One Question Must Be Answered—Eden"
"Daily Mail"

Darwin did his best.

The new House of Commons has been comparatively subdued up to now. The Tories naturally aim at a quiet so deep one could hear a nationalization scheme drop.

"It was hoped that the country code would be drawn up this year—'to indicate to the townsmen how to comfort themselves when in the country.'"
"The Cambridge Daily News"

They can always reflect, for one thing, how good the bus service into town is.

A member of the committee set up by the Hastings Carnival Association says he wants the people to let themselves go as they do in the South of France carnivals. Groups of young folk, known as "joy boosters," are to be sent among the crowds with the job of throwing confetti and making people dance when bands are passing; and, of course, if the worst happens, to escort them to shelter under gaily-decorated umbrellas.

"His final winner was typical, a stop-volley dealt with by a heavily cut stroke using the full flexibility of a supple wrist that, just clearing the net, crept rapidly along the floor to die in the forehand corner of the hazard side."—*"The Times"*

Ah, but you should have seen Pavlova do it.

A magistrate expressed surprise when told that a man had entered an office building in broad daylight, stayed there an hour, then strolled out without having been asked what he wanted. He thought this could happen only in a restaurant.

COUGHED THE SIX HUNDRED

A Footnote for Foreigners

STRANGER from the world out yonder,
If to Westminster you wander
When the trumpet-blast of sneezes
Blows upon the vernal breezes
From the Parliament we honour as of old,
Be assured you hear the token
That a people's voice has spoken
And a people's will is told;
In the sound of sternutation
You have heard a mighty nation
Overriding health provisions
For the sake of snap divisions—
Be assured that every member
Of our Legislative Chamber,
Tory, Liberal and Labour,
Freely shares with every neighbour
His abominable cold.

None may take the risk of quitting,
None absent himself from sitting
(Even those with mumps and measles
Have to keep a grip like weasels)
For the glory of their party and their pride,
Lozenges from little bottles
Cannot soothe the aching throttles
Of the patients here assembled,
And the speech that long has trembled
On the lips of the elected
Dies away in disconnected
Barkings, and the tongue is parched and dried;
Little chance of stating clearly
What the heart has felt sincerely,
Or the gradual thought unfolding,
When the mouth that speaks is holding
A thermometer inside.

Stranger, this is the unwritten
Constitution of Great Britain,
This is the appalling sequel
When the sides are almost equal,
Though it only happens now and then;
Foes are matched but none may utter
Anything except a splutter,
Still the raging epidemic
Roars above the damped polemic,
Still the muffled inmates moaning
Keep their ground and go on groaning,
While above them broods Big Ben;
Still they crawl into the Lobby,
While, outside, the stalwart bobby
Unaffectedly converses
With the rather lovely nurses,
And the almond breaks full-budded,
And the football pools are studied
By the waiting bath-chair men.

EVOE

ELIOT AND FRY

[Well, Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* and Fry's *Venus Observed* have been published just five weeks apart.]

A barely-furnished waiting-room. CHARLES CLUTTERBUCK *is seated in a chair by the window when the door opens. Enter* GLAMORA LANGDALE-CARRUTHERS

GLAMORA. Oh, tell me—is this the right place!
CHARLES. My dear madam,
Forgive my saying you must know perfectly well
This is the right place. This is the famous firm.
Surely you know the name!
GLAMORA. Oh, I know the name,
I know the name very well—but the way it's spelt
Puzzles me a little.
CHARLES. The way *half* of it is spelt.
GLAMORA. Precisely. You know what I mean. I thought—I thought—
CHARLES. You thought of the famous photographers. So did I.
A natural error. What innumerable times
Have we not seen, beneath some eminent face,
In the bottom right-hand corner—
GLAMORA. In italics—
CHARLES. How strange that you should be familiar with italics;
Forgive me, but I would have said you were a lady
Quite unused to identifying italics.
GLAMORA. You would have been quite right. Somebody told me.
I forget who it was.
CHARLES. Allow me to make a suggestion.
Assuming we're Eliot characters, let me guess
Who told you about italics. I suggest
If this be Eliot, and upon me proved—
If this be Eliot, probably
It was some mysterious personage whose name
Is Irish. There has been Sweeney, there has been Reilly—
Well, this time the name may easily be O'Gorman,
Except that it doesn't go so well in verse.
GLAMORA. Let it be Regan.
CHARLES. Regan it shall be;
Let them anatomize Regan.
GLAMORA. Anatomize Regan!
CHARLES. Just a suggestion. Allusive, but you must be ready
For just such allusions in Eliot.
GLAMORA. And in Fry!
CHARLES. Fry too. You need your wits. Alertness is all.
GLAMORA. Oh dear. I am not alert. I am always tricked

[*Continued on p.* 312

CAUSE AND EFFECT

By the masked outriders of culture. But Eliot and Fry—
If I dare admit it to you—what *I* find difficult
Is to tell them apart, in print.

CHARLES. That should not be insuperable;
For one thing, to start on the crudest level—
Nothing personal, you understand—but an obvious point
Is that Eliot takes more room. His characters' names
Are centred above their speeches, and Fry's are printed
Straight.

GLAMORA. Oh, I know—like ours.

CHARLES. To be sure, like ours,
Like this. And Eliot's much more serious.
Eliot is deep, and moral.

GLAMORA. Fry's not shallow.

CHARLES. Oh, Fry's not *shallow*, no, but he has more fireworks:
Fry is beguiled by words. They lead him astray.
A twist of a phrase may fillip him over the page
After a phantom quibble. Do you know what he said
When I came before?

GLAMORA. No.

CHARLES. They were both here,
And *my* mind ran on photography then, I was still
Hypnotized by the names and ready to sit
Meekly for a studio portrait—they asked me then,
Pretending they *were* photographers, when I'd been taken
Last. I said it was very long ago.
By the sea, I said. I preferred to be by the sea
If I *had* to be photographed. And Fry said then—
Do you know what he said?

GLAMORA. My dear man, I've told you once,
But I'm ready to help you by filling up the line
And beginning another: No.

CHARLES. This is what he said:
"Thalassa of two evils."

GLAMORA. I'm afraid I don't get it.

CHARLES. Ah, well; I took the same chance over Regan,
And that didn't come off either. Shall we go on talking?

GLAMORA. I wish I knew precisely why we are here.

CHARLES. Depends. If Fry invited us, it's a plot;
Rather muddled perhaps, but a plot. But if it was Eliot,
We are here to illumine a theme.

GLAMORA. To illumine a theme. . .
I hardly feel equal to that. I'm sure it's above
My head.

CHARLES. I dare say it is. But it can't be a plot;
We are hardly producing a plot. Or if we are,
It's time someone thickened it. A butler perhaps, or an agent—

GLAMORA. You *don't* mean Dick Barton?

CHARLES. I ignore the interruption—
Or a caterer's man, or a fire-bug.

GLAMORA. Speaking in character.

CHARLES. Oh, certainly. But as for me, I shall go,
When I find my hat. And you, do you wish to stay?

GLAMORA. No, no, I wouldn't disturb them for the world.
But then I don't want the world, either.

RICHARD MALLETT

"I'd like a book of cocktail recipes. I have some cherries I want to use up."

BYTUENE MERSHE AND AVERIL

SPRING comes to the South
as music to a harp:
runs an arpeggio of flowers across
the deep-ribbed valleys of the mountains,
sweeps
a deepening chord along the plains
and plucks
the strings of rivers until their voices sing
above the harmony.

But to the North
as poetry sometimes comes
to an old poet:
at first a beating in
the pulse of the mind,
and next a stammered line
upon the lips—
then lo! the lyric rush
of the soul taking wing.

R. C. SCRIVEN

"Still a few gentlemen farmers left, it appears."

CRI DU CŒUR

I *NEVER*
ask my daily-help why
on earth she is an hour late *again*:

I never
ask my secretary why
in the name of sanity she went and posted
all my letters unaddressed:

I never
ask my bank-manager why
by all that is inefficient he has been and muddled
my account with a Mrs. Smith's:

I never
ask myself what is the purpose of life and why
I don't end it all.

I never
ask any of these things . . .
without finding

that *she* was up all night with her sick mother
who only passed the crisis at 5.30,

and that *she* had heard that morning that her entire family
had been wiped out by an avalanche in Switzerland,

and that *he* is four clerks short and trying to manage
with a fifteen-year-old typist because *his* secretary has jaundice,

and that *I myself* have only a slight touch of flu,
and no one I may quarrel with legitimately.

P. H.

NOTES FOR AN IDEAL ARTICLE

AM on way to Olympia, and have impression that rest of bus-load going there too. For this reason felt reluctant to say Olympia when giving fare, but had to because did not know exact amount. Shall not necessarily put all this into article, of course. More probably shall start with few words on own home.

Own home not ideal. In sitting-room three doors, when you shut one other two burst ajar. In bathroom towel-rail, towels, like snow on roof, slide imperceptibly and fall suddenly. Small bedroom window openable only if opener pre-resigned to failure. Egg-whisk transferred to distemper-mixing last year. On other hand, washing-machine (this will shake them), vacuum-cleaner, pressure-cooker and thing like small hay-rake for darning. Consider self fully qualified to cover Exhibition.

Am at Olympia. One thing about Olympia is that it is always nearer than you expect. This not applicable to people coming from left, though those travelling by road from Cornwall would hardly notice. Another thing is that if you actually lived in Olympia, as some do no doubt in office part, life would be wonderfully festive, also opportunities for reflecting on mutability. Banners up one day, down next, also bunting, steel-tubing, etc. If say cheu fugaces, look up exactly what means. Know, of course, what *means*.

When you go into an exhibition, it sort of hits you at the door like at entrance to swimming-bath. Shall develop this paragraph poetically. Splashes, echoing shouts in one instance, in other the décor (shall not of course use this word), crowds, microphones, etc. Haydn at moment! Ad hocness of everything. Roof like pale sky, aluminium arch 75 feet high (see hand-out), red-and-white wiggly banners, restrained elegance keynote.

Am on first floor. Walked, while thinking whether homogenous is word for the light here, and if so whether spelt homogeneous, up some stairs and am now looking keenly at luxury pressure-cooker. Am sorry am, for demonstrator (morning early yet) immediately takes to pieces and puts together again, talking meanwhile as if sale made. Having trouble with lid. Fellow-demonstrator comes up, says "Here, I'll do it." Demonstrator darts glance. Transmit sympathy, as have same trouble self when changing light-plugs. Demonstrator abandons lid, says Do you cook with gas or electricity? Answer, Well I don't really know (better explain to public am moving, might even say house to let, in which case modify opening par) and realize am classified mad. Pressure-cooker now upside down to show

why suitable for both, inside fallen out. Make enthusiastic sounds, take literature, escape with muttered promise to think about it. Shall write this up fully and consider no further need to be demonstrated at.

If pause five feet away diagonally from exhibits, are safe and can compose in head essay on electric floor polishers. Electric floor-polishers are evolution, because mankind has through ages tended to straighten up from all fours. Describe, find *mot juste* for noise, say jovially are guided effortlessly with one hand, leaving other hand free to get arm-chair off flex. Shall write about electric floor polishers because so many, and represent sort of frontier between efficiency and progress gone to head. Do not omit daily woman who will still prefer kneeling-mat and horrible old sock.

Chance of funny bit. Goblin in red goblin-suit, doing ironing. Shall point out that this rare south of Hebrides. Workable-in with people jumping on bath-towel to get it dirty for washing-machine? Contrast, to detriment of mortals?

Having interesting experience of nearly selling salesman a vacuum-cleaner. Ought to see how they are doing with own make of washing-machine. First, though, must meet Mr. Punch's Artist, who said under clock under arch. Short of hurling self over balcony do not know how to reach arch's base, as stairs have gone. Am lost. Always am at exhibitions. Descend stairs into another exhibition altogether, with different roof. Dart among garden sundries, dolls and exits to Hammersmith Road. When will help arrive?

Must not make this bit sound worse or longer than was. Simply that universal experience, like asking Mr. P.'s A. if he has been waiting long and hearing him say no.

Mr. P.'s A. saw some free cocoa. When have had free cocoa, have free soup, two kinds, and some breakfast-food, and some cheese, also salami on stick, more cheese, jelly, more cocoa. Potato crisps, which pay for. Walk through gardens and go to, or rather lean against, two cinemas in which see the last half of a film about a family whose uncle knows about vitamins, and first half of a film hostile to mice. No harm in emphasizing pleasure-seeking character of above hour, because will explain why we have now parted.

Being alone with thoughts again realize that feet ache. Think should mention this to show am in line with human race world over at exhibitions, but explain that not shoes. Am wearing shoes with heels so low that they seem to be at the toe end. Feet ache simply because are joined to legs. Find chair at back row of make-up demonstration. Assume expression of anthropologist having day off, because own face so shiny can see it from here. What on earth can feel in pocket? Cocoa bean. Got it from Gold Coast five minutes ago. Think this happening typical of pockets.

Wonder if would be allowed to put Playland into verse.

O through the glass partition see
How children from the age of three
To nine, inclusive,

Point is, all doing different things at once, like Mickey Mouse film. In any case shall adopt whimsical tone for this and toy-stand section. Note two little men in clockwork jeeps who collide so often that have assistant working whole-time as referee.

Must go and see Whole House Department. It is amazing how they actually build them. This also stock remark for gardens, so will use it as cliché on purpose.

Before see houses am looking at laundry, in which as washing-machine owner take mellow academic interest. When a laundry wishes to iron collars and cuffs it merely clamps another ironing-board down on them, thus avoiding crisis at far corners of stitching. Lesson here for all of us. Still, must not flog it, as *Punch* not primarily launderers' journal.

Will see houses now.

Have taken escalator up, not down. Thought had better. Glad did, in spite feet, because Mr. Cube. Very big. Do not contemplate political approach. Thing is that passers-by cannot resist prodding him to find if made of rubber (is) or looking inside mouth to see voice.

Am at houses now, and from the outsides have chosen New Zealand State home, though doubt if for sale. Take long time making second choice, but would not say no to any, really. Nothing over £2,166. Will study catalogue when get home, as saw words like "authorities" and "licence" but lost page. Imagine some easily explainable reason why cannot have.

Will also mug up furniture from catalogue, as cannot get into houses. Queues all round, strict discipline, obviously no good saying Press. Have looked through two windows, one too high to see, one with people up against the pane inside, and if still feeling guilty to-morrow shall come back again, early. Good idea, because then can see electric mixer and painting by Noel Coward.

ANDE

AT THE PICTURES

The Happiest Days of Your Life—Battleground

AFTER a not very promising opening scene, where the flat back-and-forth of query and explanation between a new arrival and an old hand seems almost exaggeratedly English without meaning or managing to be comic, *The Happiest Days of Your Life* (Director: FRANK LAUNDER) produces some absolutely first-rate fun. If you read about films or plays at all (this was a play by JOHN DIGHTON, who collaborated with the director on the film script) you can hardly fail to be aware that the story concerns a boys' school to which by a clerical error the pupils and staff of a girls' school are "revacuated." About fifteen years ago it would probably have been worth going a considerable distance to avoid any film of such a story, and even to-day a good many hearts may sink (or the wrong hearts, perhaps, may lift) at the thought of one; but most of this at any rate is a treat. It flags a little once it has, as it were, explored the basic situation; the first effects of the feminine invasion are funnier, as we see them in successive departments of the school life, than the attempted comic suspense of the rest, when two separate "conducted tours," each by a party unaware of the other's presence, have to be kept apart and shown different things. No doubt this was meant to be the most hilarious bit of the picture, but it isn't. ALASTAIR SIM and MARGARET RUTHERFORD, as the headmaster and headmistress of the respective schools, preside over the comedy: Mr. SIM speaking ever more rapidly as he is driven past endurance, Miss RUTHERFORD striding about and firing caustic remarks at each fresh sign of the "descending spiral of iniquity" with which she and her staff have to contend. If plays must be adapted to the screen, this is the way to do it. Particularly in the first half of the picture, the studied alternation of brief scenes achieves a balance that is comic in itself, so that the suddenness of some phenomenon's appearance at the right moment springs a delighted laugh. This is nothing but a lark, but much of it is very satisfying.

Hollywood's tribute to the U.S. infantry besieged at Bastogne at Christmas 1944, *Battleground* (Director: WILLIAM A. WELLMAN), is remarkably fine and engrossingly well done. This is another of the new-style war-films, which, while remaining "box-office" (and to that extent, one may argue, dishonest, in working up dramatic situations that shall not displease or discomfort the entertainment-seeker who doesn't want to be made to think), still goes so far in avoiding false heroics as to show decent men who would rather get out of tough situations if they can, men who frankly wish they could develop some disqualification like "arthur-itis" or cry with eager hope "Maybe I got n'monia!" The fact that we know these actors, and indeed have seen at least three of them in light musicals, does not prevent their being credible and convincing members of the Second Squad in the Third Platoon of I Company in the 101st Airborne Division. It is a long film, and the pattern of its incident is inevitably familiar, but its grip is unfailing from the moment the men are disappointed of their leave, through the period of waiting in which one of the worst things is their ignorance of what is going on, to the final spectacular relief.

[*Battleground*

Soldiers, U.S.A., G.I., Three

Jarvess—JOHN HODIAK; *Holley*—VAN JOHNSON; *Kinnie*—JAMES WHITMORE

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Another good one in London is *When Willie Comes Marching Home*: amusing stuff with some real satire at the expense of certain war-film conventions. The Academy has a good programme with *Louisiana Story* (6/7/49) and *Moonrise*, a well-made study of a young murderer.

The best release is *Intruder in the Dust* (8/2/50); but as a piece of film-making *The Reckless Moment* (21/12/49), with a far more trivial and contrived story, runs it close.

RICHARD MALLETT

[*The Happiest Days of Your Life*

The Jaw-bone 's Connected to the Head-bone

Miss Gossage—JOYCE GRENFELL; *Miss Whitchurch*—MARGARET RUTHERFORD; *Wetherby Pond*—ALASTAIR SIM

FROM THE CHINESE

Milk

"THE babies,"
Say the rulers,
"Are more pink,
More beautiful,
But more robust
Than babies were before.
The infants Hercules,
Helen of Troy,
Confucius, Augustus,
Homer and Alexander,
Placed beside the infants
Of the present time,
Would seem as shrimps
In a school of whales.
All this,"
Say the rulers shyly,
"Is the work of the rulers.
Moreover,
The young boys and girls
At our places of instruction
Spend all the day
Drinking the milk of cows,
And eating good food
Provided by the rulers.
Not all of them,
It is true,
Can read and write
At the end of the instruction,
But they are strong
With the milk of cows,
Which their foolish parents,
Were unable to provide;
They are beautiful
And lively,
And beside them
The admiral Drake,
The Duke of Wellington,
The poor poet Shakespeare,
The indigent Milton,
Nelson, Gladstone,
Chamberlain and Rhodes,
Would be as straws
In a forest of oak-trees.
All this,"
Say the rulers shyly,
"Is the fruit of our rule,
And especially
The free provision
Of the milk of cows
At our places of instruction
Where in old times
The children
Received instruction only,
A barbarous arrangement."
"It is well,"
Says the scribe Ching Fo,
"But the milk of cows
Is dangerous refreshment,
Strengthening the body
But not the soul.
See how the young Wu Tang
Goes forth into the world,
Full of the milk of cows,
Robust and lively,
Eager for deeds!
Lacking restraint
From his foolish parents,
Lacking instruction
From the providers of milk,
He becomes the chief
Of a company of heroes.
These young people,
Full of the milk of cows,
Go about the city
Seeking young girls,
And aged women,
To assail or spoil.
When they are resisted
By unfriendly persons
Who remain unmoved
By their robust appearance
And milky beauty,
They cut their faces
With sharp knives,
Or broken bottles.
All this,"
Says the scribe Ching Fo,
"Is not, of course,
The work of the rulers:
And, without doubt,
Our ancestors
Were inferior persons.
But—who knows—
It may well be
That the milk of cows
Is not the answer
To all the questions.
The cow, after all,
Though sacred here and there,
Has never been
A very intelligent beast."

A. P. H.

"Good *morning!*"

HOW BLUE WAS OUR GREEN-ROOM

I THINK I can say without fear of contradiction that our village hall is the coldest building of its kind in the country. Icy winds moan among its rafters, training for the day when they will go out into the world and set up in business on their own. At ground level ravenous draughts gnaw at the ankles. Over all, broods the crippling cold of the Pole itself. And all we have to range against it is one sullen old anthracite stove, mumbling to itself in a corner among the gym apparatus. Woefully inadequate.

For a more detailed description of the temperature of our village hall I would refer you to the few remaining members of our amateur dramatic society. They will tell you, removing their bronchial lozenges to do so, that rude Boreas himself sits in the prompt corner; they will tell you that, by rights, de-icing equipment should be fitted to the wings. And I, as assistant stage-manager, could not agree with them more.

Not that our audiences complain. Years of play-going at the hall have taught them wisdom, and they arrive muffled to the ears in duffle-coats and thick scarves. But for the players there can be no such comforts: as soon as the curtains part and the cold breath of the hall flows across the footlights their purgatory begins.

Take our most recent production, *The Third Mrs. Trumpington*. This is run-of-the-mill country-house stuff and, as such, entails the ladies' making their first entrance radiant in evening dress. The curtain goes up on an empty lounge. It remains empty long enough for the audience to gain some sort of control over their hot-water bottles, and then the door from the dining-room opens and the flower of our village womanhood enters in laughing groups of twos and threes.

We gather from their conversation that they have dined well. The wine has been good, the gentlemen attentive. For a few moments we can, indeed, detect a warm glow in their cheeks to support these statements, but all too soon the mood changes. Stealthily, inexorably, the hall leans forward and lays an icy hand on those unprotected shoulders. Miss Hebditch, who spends her day huddled, a cocoon of cardigans, over the oil-stove in the lending library, is the first to succumb: a blue tinge suffuses her hands, is lost for a moment beneath her diamond bracelet and then reappears to surge triumphantly up her arms. Mrs. Forbes-Trotter is the next casualty, and the audience have hardly removed their ear-muffs before she is edging her arm-chair inch by inch closer to the shelter of the wings. Even Miss Bracegirdle, who runs the local Guides and might be expected to be able to rough it a bit, is seen to be blowing on her hands whenever she is screened (as she so often is, poor dear) by the other players.

Things were so bad at the dress rehearsal, what with Miss Bracegirdle dropping one of Mrs. Forbes-Trotter's coffee cups and Miss Ablett from the Food Office coming on in the third act wearing a balaclava helmet, that I decided to intervene. With the stage-manager's permission I removed the red paper and electric light bulb that did duty for the lounge fire and put a practical electric fire in their place. The gratitude of the cast was quite touching, and we all looked forward to the first night with new confidence.

I can't say that the experiment was altogether a success. As soon as the ladies came on they made a bee-line for the electric fire, packed round it in a tight, last-day-of-sales formation and refused to move. The scene at once became static, and when Barraclough the butler entered with the coffee he found what appeared to be an empty stage, and would have made his exit, muttering under his breath, if Mrs. Forbes-Trotter had not called him back. This was a tactical error, for Barraclough then joined the group round the fire and stayed there until the end of the act; a nice democratic touch, no doubt, but one quite foreign to the typical country-house atmosphere we were trying to create.

Before the curtain rose on the next night's performance I slipped round back-stage, found the cups of coffee and quietly topped them up with rum. It was not, perhaps, a very wise move, because Barraclough had already generously laced them with whisky.

Miss Bracegirdle gave the performance of her life.

WARNING

IN the King's Road, Chelsea,
I can often be seen
Wearing corduroy trousers
Of bottle-green,
While round my neck
Is negligently knotted
In place of a tie
A silk square, spotted.

And men in bowlers
Say to men with umbrellas
"He's one of those Chelsea
Artist fellas;
A painter, probably,
Perhaps a poet;
You couldn't mistake him—
His trousers show it."

But I hate modern verse
And I'm bored by the ballet
And I like Benny Goodman
Better than the Hallé,
And the only pictures
I find appealing
Are made in Hollywood
(Or now and then in Ealing).

But if people think I'm Munnings
Or Henry Moore
I shan't disillusion
Them, I'm sure;
For such misconceptions
Are the bound effect
Of equating the trousers
With the intellect.

B. A. YOUNG

"Owing departure, private would cede his apartment, very luxurious, vacant end of May, 8 rooms with large reception, reprise 12,500,000fr. justified, in 16th Arr., between Trocadero and Avenue Foch."

Advt. in "New York Herald Tribune"

Would that include the field-marshal's baton?

"Chap before you was something of an artist."

"There's a television at 'The Laurels,' but their little boy has an ink squirt."

THREE IN A BAR

SMEARY HOOKER put down his glass and once more made his left hand into a claw, fingers fully spread but bent at the second joint; with the other hand he took the curled little finger and waggled it cautiously, wincing. "It don't get no better, see!" he said.

"Rheumatics," said Ted. He leaned over so that the two camel-hair overcoats brushed. "That's what comes of playing 'Beautiful Dreamer' outside of Waterloo Station."

"Oh, very comical," said Smeary crossly. He wrenched at his small evening bow. "I'm telling you, I ain't been able to reach a bottom B flat since we left the Palais, January."

"You can blow B natural with a slack lip," said the other man, adjusting his own tie with a glance in the mirror behind the bar. "They're not to a quarter-tone in them West End places. Are they, Jack?"

The man behind the bar breathed on a glass but said nothing.

"Manners," continued Ted amiably. "You want to pay members a bit of courtesy. Here's Smeary a bloomin' cripple and you couldn't care less. Same again."

The man behind the bar took two glasses off the shelf.

Ted said: "Your lot's on the South American lark, ain't they!"

The other man glowered. "Rumbas, Sambas, Congas," he said with disgust, "Congas, Rumbas, Sambas; Sambas, Congas——"

"Okay, okay," said Ted.

"Need to be a flaming contortionist on the tenor sax," said Smeary. "Nippin' about in the lower register like a performin' flea. Just the job for my little finger, I *don't* think."

"Well," said Ted, lifting his glass in a toast—"'Hearts and Flowers'!"

"Trouble is, get tired so easy. Bert says it's the rations. Ask me, it's South American flaming rhythm. Look at the work in it. Old days, play a solo on tenor and it wasn't nothing but thirty-two dotted minims,

then sit back and let 'im have it on the fiddle. Cuh! My feature chorus in 'Rainbow Rumba' comes out at two 'undred and twenty-four quavers, mostly dotted. Stands to reason you get tired easy."

"But then you're saving on all them bottom B flats you can't reach."

Smeary snorted. "Don't know why I talk to you. Blasting away in a Greek Street basement, everyone too boozed to know A from a bull's foot."

"Now, now," said Ted, winking at the man behind the bar, "don't you go knocking my clients."

"We—ell!" said the other, exasperated.

"We're getting old, that's what it is. Children of the jazz age, that's us. Don't adapt easy. Arteries hardening, all that lark."

"Be cheerful," said Smeary Hooker, "that's right."

"Got to face it. Why, our kid on second alto says to me last night, 'Smashing new tune we got, Ted.' And what do you think it was, eh? 'Yawning under the Awning'! 'Kid,' I says to him, 'I was playing that on the cornet before you was born. On the *cornet*,' I says. See what I mean?"

"Ah," said the other sourly. "Same again, Jack."

The man behind the bar took two glasses off the shelf.

Outside, beyond the darkened gentleman's outfitters that separated the small room from Shaftesbury Avenue, the traffic roared dimly. Smeary despondently exercised the ailing finger. Ted fell to gnashing his teeth in gentle rumination. Suddenly Smeary burst out:

"Why can't you be a bit sympathetic, that's all I ask! It ain't much, is it?"

Ted looked quite startled, as if suddenly conscious of an entirely fresh situation.

"It'll get better," he said.

"Tych!" said Smeary.

"If not, you'll have to go back on alto, where the keys is closer."

"An' finish up on the flaming flute!" said Smeary. He breathed out hard through his nose. "Fat lot you care. As long as you've got three fingers left out of ten you're in work. Trumpeters!"

Ted turned away and put a hand to his mouth. Smeary whirled round on him demanding "What's there to *laugh* at?"

"I'm not laughing."

"It's always the same. I'm all right, Jack—pull up the ladder!"

The man behind the bar grunted inquiringly.

"Ah, shut up!" said Smeary.

Ted took him by the arm and said "Look, pal."

Sulkily the dejected saxophone-player followed the other's gaze. On the bar lay a small white object, gleaming.

"*Now* what," growled Smeary.

When Ted replied his words were malformed, as if spoken by an inexperienced ventriloquist. "I'm smiling at you, pal," he said. Smeary looked with dawning comprehension from the gap in Ted's top front teeth to the object on the bar, and back.

"Not a false tooth!" he exclaimed at last.

"Don't let on," said Ted. He picked up the tooth and adroitly replaced it, giving himself a quick, routine grimace in the mirror behind the bar. "The agents don't know. I was out of work eighteen weeks, couldn't hit nothing higher than top F sharp. Tooth either flew out or choked me. 'Ad a corn on me lip like a domino. Kep' practising and practising. It all come right in the end."

There was a long silence. Then Smeary took Ted's camel-hair elbow and gave it a hard squeeze.

"Same again, Jack," he said to the man behind the bar. "Make it big ones. Goin' to join us?"

The man behind the bar took three glasses off the shelf.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

MOST UNKINDEST CUT

SISTER, hand me a toad and an adder's fork:
There are people I want cursed.
Bring me a root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark
And let me do my worst.

Where is my book on Practical Demonology?
Where is my charméd pot?
They have left it too late to offer me an apology;
I mean to wreck the lot.

But who is this, that cheats me of felicity?
Oh, turn aside, my wrath:
Seek out that man who cut the electricity
And spoilt my hellish broth!

"What d'you mean 'another cold'? I haven't had the suspicion of a cold for I don't know how long!"

HOW I TOOK UP GOLF

ATTRACTED by the name of a very famous professional I enrolled as a member of the Winter School of Indoor Cricket. I was handicapped from the start. For the first time in my life I had to bat on coconut matting, a medium which I quickly found to be foreign to my intentions. Furthermore, the mat, ending as it did just in front of my feet, accentuated the neurasthenia which always assails me when I go in to bat. I was afraid to play forward in case I tripped and fell into the path of the oncoming ball and I was afraid to play back in case the ball struck the edge of the mat and reared up at me. The professional failed to appreciate my dilemma, but I noticed that he stood on the other side of the net, shouting instructions through the little holes. Another thing I found very irritating was the number of bowlers. There was a tendency for the fast balls to pursue the slow ones. This did not do my neurasthenia any good either.

Nor did the coach seem to have any idea of my general requirements, for although I explained carefully that I merely wanted my stroke play improved he said that one had to get the fundamentals right before one could improve one's stroke play.

He first of all made me change my stance. Up to then I had always stood with my feet wide apart. This gave my batting an aggressive appearance, calculated to intimidate the average bowler. The coach said, however, that my footwork would suffer severely if I started every stroke as if I had just finished it. He made me stand with my feet much closer together. Instead of having my feet firmly planted on the ground I now felt precarious, likely to topple over and sit on my wicket if under any kind of pressure. I don't know where my centre of gravity is, but it was no longer in the centre. I pointed out that the broader the base the more stable the equilibrium, but he said he was only qualified to teach cricket.

The next thing he did was to twist my whole body round so that my shoulders were at right angles to the wicket. He said that my usual stance was two-eyed. I now felt lop-sided as well as top-heavy. My powerful shots to the leg were completely crippled. All he wanted me to do was to poke balls to the off where they put all the fielders.

Having destroyed my centre of gravity and made me incapable of all voluntary movement except for a few feeble oscillations, he began to undermine my grip on the bat. He said that I should not have one hand at the top and one hand at the bottom of the handle, as my two arms could not work in unison and I would make my shots with a scooping action. He said that my hands should be together near the top of the handle so as to give power, although not right at the top, otherwise control would be lost. I told him that by my method the top hand gave me power and the bottom hand gave me control, but he was too busy talking about levers to take any notice of me. I think he was trying to get his own back for my equilibrium. He admitted, however, that for back strokes it was necessary to slide the right hand down the handle and to assume the grip that I favoured, but he would not allow me to slide my hand up for forward shots or to confine myself to back shots. His whole attitude, which had been mild and conciliatory at first, had now become bigoted and domineering. When holding the bat at the top with both hands I could lift it only very slowly and make feeble stabs at the ball. I looked rather as if I were tamping down loose clods of earth.

I left the Winter School of Indoor Cricket when the coach started to eradicate my forcing shot through the covers, which I executed by shortening my grip and retiring in the direction of the square-leg umpire. He said that I was running away from the ball, but I still don't see how I could have forced the ball through the covers if it had struck me in the body.

I understand that in golf a great deal depends on natural ability.

TO SAY THANK YOU

(The Lord Mayor of London is appealing for subscriptions to a £2,000,000 National Thanksgiving Fund, to be an expression of the nation's gratitude for the gifts of food sent to this country by generous donors overseas. During the last ten years seventy-five million individual parcels and one hundred and thirty million pounds of food in bulk have been received. The Fund will be used chiefly for the development of a great educational and residential centre, in Mecklenburgh Square, for students from the Commonwealth and the United States. Cheques should be made payable to "The Lord Mayor's National Thanksgiving Fund," and sent to the Lord Mayor, Mansion House, London, E.C.4.)

THIMBLE PICKERS AND MOULD RUNNERS

MARULLUS. You, sir, what trade are you?

Second Commoner. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a saggar maker's bottom-knocker. (*Collapse of Flavius, Marullus and Shakespeare.*)

If this snatch of dialogue differs slightly from the versión in the folio edition of *Julius Cæsar* it nevertheless makes a reasonably intelligible introduction to this article, which would otherwise have begun:

Slip Maker
Mould Runner
Jollier
Flat Maker
Thimble Picker
Dipper's Taker-off
Chamber Sticker-up
China Hollow-ware Placer
Freehand Paintress
Biscuit Liner
Sponger
Glost Sorter
Scolloper
Saggar Maker's Bottom-knocker
Muffin Tower
On-glaze Bander
Mould Stripper

All of these strange terms I collected from the "Situations Vacant" columns of a single issue of the *Staffordshire Evening Sentinel* (the *Signal* of the Arnold Bennett novels), and every one of them is the official title of a worker in some branch or other of the pottery industry. "Thimble picker" and "mould runner" are certainly most picturesque, but for euphony, rhythm, virility and Midland directness "saggar maker's bottom-knocker" takes the biscuit-ware, I think.

The discerning reader will discern that my list does not include the "thrower," that prince and pioneer of potters, the man (never a woman) who sits astride the potter's wheel and conjures beauty from whirling wet clay with pianissimo fingering. There are reasons for the omission. The thrower has had enough publicity, I feel. Moreover, there are now only a few dozen throwers left in the industry. In most of the three hundred or so "potbanks" it would be difficult to find an employee who could sit down with a lump of clay at the potter's wheel and fashion a respectable cup or vase with his bare hands. Potting has become very largely a mechanical process. Fly, nimble fingers are still needed to operate the ingenious making machines, but there is no longer the same need for the felicitous creative touch of the master craftsman.

No, perhaps that is too bold a statement. Clay remains clay whether it is modelled by hand or by the jigger and mould, whether it is decorated by the freehand paintress or the lithographic transfer, and whether it is fired in the old intermittent bottle-oven or the continuous tunnel oven. Clay is easily the most animate of all inanimate materials. If the potter treats it carelessly it will take breath and develop an explosive chest expansion; if he asks too much of it it sulks in a flaccid sit-down strike; and when he tries to curb this waywardness for all time in the great heat of the potter's oven the clay writhes out of shape and shrinks visibly. Clay refuses to submit to the strait-jacket of scientific production controls; it must be coaxed and wheedled, and its idiosyncrasies must be respected. It will not be bullied. Of course you don't have to be a potter to recognize the delinquent stubbornness of clay: every person with experience at the kitchen sink knows that the finished earthenware or china product can be insufferably slippery, unstable and fractious.

Earthenware and china (I'll explain the difference in a moment) have been among Britain's leading dollar-spinners since 1945, and world demand for them is still so strong that there is no hope whatever, I am told, of a removal of the ban on the sale of decorated wares in the home market.

To the economist, I understand, pottery is almost the ideal export, for the simple reason that nearly all its ingredients are home-produced. The chief exceptions are bones and gold—animal bones from the great ranching countries, notably Argentina, and real gold, 24-carat stuff,

from South Africa by way of Fort Knox. Earthenware is the staple product of the Potteries, as it has been since the days of Josiah Wedgwood. It is made from flints gathered from the seashore, and clays and stones quarried from the old granite bosses of Cornwall and Devon. Great white mounds of these materials lie weathering in the yards of the potbanks alongside

hillocks of local coal. This black and white, charcoal-and-chalk contrast was once a dominant theme in the Potteries landscape. At knocking-off time the street-scene was almost lunar in its crude distribution of light and shade: men caked in coal dust mingled with men shrouded like millers in white powder.

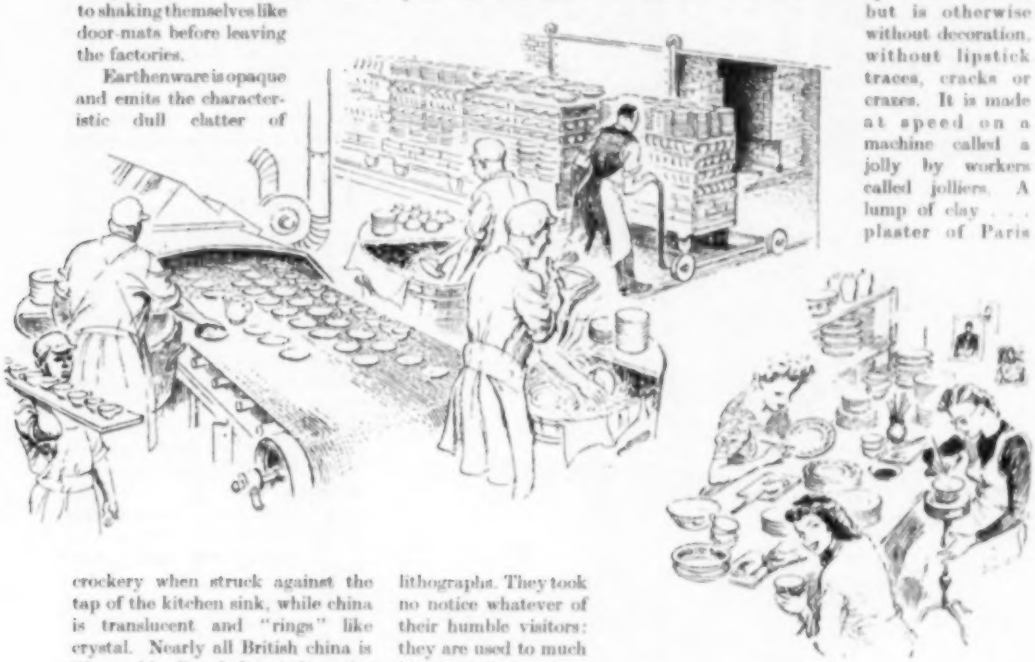
Now, the picture is mostly in half-tone. The change came with the installation of pit-head baths which left the potters to bear the full burden of industrial sediment. They became self-conscious and took to shaking themselves like door-mats before leaving the factories.

Earthenware is opaque and emits the characteristic dull clatter of crockery when struck against the tap of the kitchen sink, while china is translucent and "rings" like crystal. Nearly all British china is "bone china" and almost the entire world production of this beautiful material is concentrated in a hundred and more smallish factories in Longton, the fifth of the "Five Towns."

At one of these potbanks I watched girls decorating wares for the American market. They were bent low over their work at long deal trestle tables loaded with ceramic colours, palette-knives, brushes, transfer tissue and stacks of cups, plates and saucers. The walls of the shop were plastered with pin-up boys, among whom I recognized Messrs. Mills, Peers, Gable, Mason, Franklin (the Stoke City and England footballer) and the ubiquitous Mr. Gregory Peck. At least a hundred girls were at work and at least half that number of popular song hits could be identified as one paced the aisles between the banks of crockery. Some of the girls were gilding, loading the glazed pots with unburnished gold; others were painting bright floral patterns in a rich variety of enamels; and others were applying transfer papers, outline prints in black and multi-coloured lithographs. They took no notice whatever of their humble visitors: they are used to much bigger stuff, American productivity experts, Government officials, hordes of hopeful foreign buyers and transient stars of stage, screen and sport. Blasé was the word that leapt to my mind.

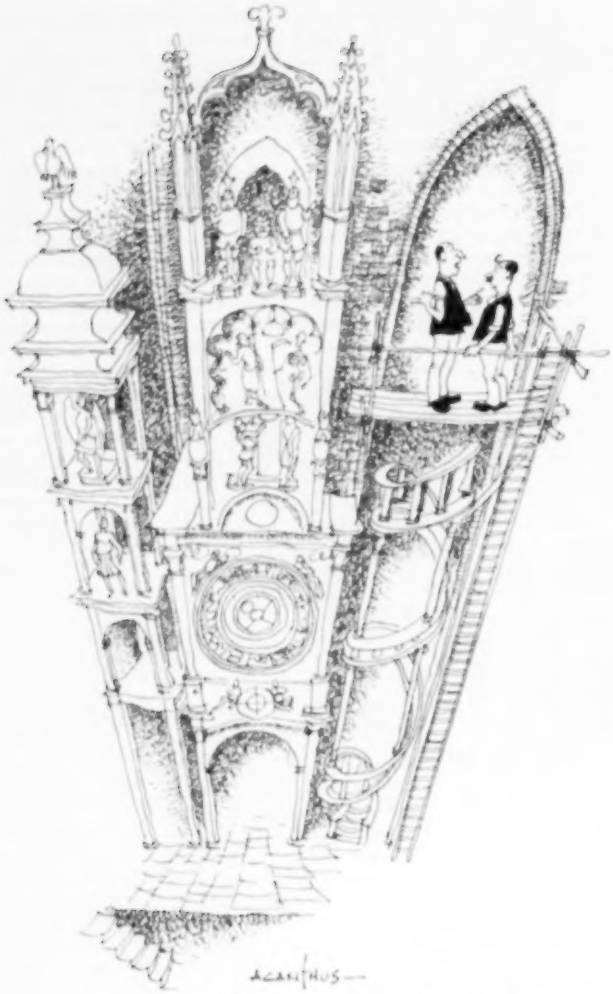
The range of patterns struck me as very wide indeed, but when I commented on this I was told that production is now almost standardized compared with what it was before the war. The trouble with pottery designs is that so many of them are successful and must be kept going; the demand for such designs as the Willow Pattern, Indian Tree and Napoleon Ivy continues from decade to decade, century to century, even though the pottery manufacturers do their best to put the work of contemporary designers before the public eye. Still, all this can have only a distasteful academic interest for British readers and china shoppers. Sorry.

I shall be on safer ground if I try to describe the methods by which our plain white, austerity wares are made. Consider, then, the humble earthenware canteen-cup. When it leaves the factory it has a handle but is otherwise without decoration, without lipstick traces, cracks or crazes. It is made at speed on a machine called a jolly by workers called jolliers. A lump of clay . . . plaster of Paris mould . . . profile jigger . . . handle stuck on . . . fired . . . dipped in glaze . . . fired again. . . .



Two practical tips. One—if the pattern on the set you buy (*if* you can buy one) is "under-glaze" it will last as long as the vessel itself; if it is "on-glaze" it may sooner or later disappear under the action of washing up, vinegar and brutal attack by cutlery. Two—if you want to see the Potteries of the Arnold Bennett novels you'd better hurry; the scene is changing very rapidly.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



" . . . and try to keep your eye off the clock."

ANYTHING THEY CAN DO WE CAN DO BETTER

THE last half-century has seen a notable advance in the emancipation of the clumsier sex. It is now generally admitted that men make the best cooks. Fathers are allowed—nay, encouraged—to bath the children and put them to bed. Husbands, who before the last war would not have been trusted with any more delicate operation than standing for Parliament or manipulating the Gilt-edged market, may be seen sewing buttons on their own shirts. The time has now come to explode another cherished feminine fallacy: the legend that knitting is a difficult and complex art. Any man who cares to learn the two simple stitches (plain and purl) employed in this craft has only to follow the directions given below to produce, in his spare time and without expensive apparatus, a smart and useful pullover which he will be proud to wear on almost any occasion.

Assuming, then, that you have mastered the fundamental "in—over—under—off," you will require for this pullover some twelve ounces of reasonably thick wool of whatever colour best suits your complexion, and an assortment of knitting-needles. Start off using two needles of the kind that have points at one end and knobs at the other. Cast on 120 sts. (we find it convenient to call stitches sts. in knitting) and place a ring of coloured wool between the sixtieth and sixty-first sts. This is to act as a marker. Coloured string will do equally well if you prefer it.

Now knit two rows. Dead easy, isn't it? A child could do it. We must, however, devise some means of shaping the finished product in approximate conformity with the outline of the torso, which we assume for our present purpose to be wider across the shoulders than at the waist. In the next row, therefore, we knit a couple of extra sts. We increase ("inc.") in this way at every third row until the piece of knitting is twelve inches long. You should now have 200 sts. on your needles. Count them to make certain.

A hundred and ninety-seven! That's impossible; you can't have an odd number. Count them again. Two hundred and eight, you say! Well, that is perhaps near enough. This jersey, after all, is not supposed to fit the wearer like a second skin. We shall have to be rather more careful, however, with the next bit, which is rather tricky. We shall have to pay attention to what we are doing, shall we not?

* Inc. at end of next two rows and then work one row without inc.* Now, no panic, please; there is nothing to get flustered about. The asterisks do not stand for a different way of holding the needles—nor, as a tyro once suggested to me, for knots in the wool. They are put in as markers, like the piece of coloured

string. Now repeat from * to * *but* (and here I should like you to follow me very carefully) note that centre shaping for shoulders must go on at the same time irrespective of the incs. at the sides. I will tell you how to do the centre shaping in a minute if you will refrain from interrupting.

Keep on repeating from * to *. Meanwhile, knit to thirty sts. beyond marker (the coloured string, not the *, of course!) Turn and purl back to thirty sts. beyond marker on the other side. When I say "turn" I do *not* mean turn the whole shooting-match upside-down, still less inside-out; I mean go back and knit in the opposite direction. I trust that is quite clear. Now turn again and knit to end of row.

You *are* remembering the side incs., aren't you?

Continue in this way until eight shapings have been worked (two sts. less each time). You will now have two hundred and forty sts. on your needles. No? One hundred and thirty-seven? Oh, but that is quite ridiculous. You can't have been listening to the instructions. I am afraid your jersey will have rather an odd wasp-waisted effect. Perhaps you can catch up later on.

Now lay the knitting aside, take up a pair of needles pointed at both ends and knit one hundred and eighty sts. Place these sts. on a holder. A holder. Holders can be obtained for a few pence in almost any large store. Revert to the original knitting. Cast off six sts. at beginning of alternate rows until the work (we call it "the work," though it is really play, is it not?) is 23¾ inches long. Now take the one hundred and eighty sts. from the holder and work 5 inches, working straight at left edge but making shapings as before at right edge. You will now, of course, have all your sts. on one needle, and it had better be a good long one. What's that? You have your sts. on no fewer than five needles of assorted sizes? Dear, dear, dear. Well, you must just slide four of the needles gently out of the sts., trying to catch the loops on the remaining needle as they come off. All right now?

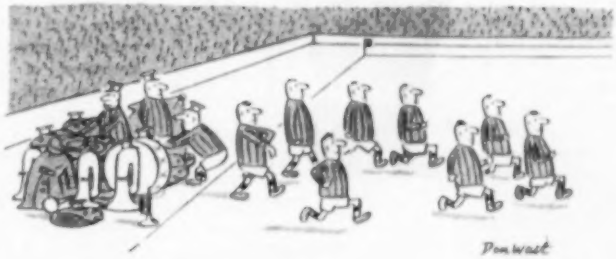
We are now ready to do the ribbed piece around the waist. For pity's sake, man, pull yourself together. Take that ball of wool out of your trousers pocket; you can't knit in that position. How the dickens have you managed to get that tubular bit in the middle of the back? DON'T PULL AT IT LIKE THAT! You'll have to sew up the end of it and try to press it down into the jersey with a hot iron or something. Take another pair of needles—oh, all right, those two odd ones will do if they're all you've got left; what the blazes have you done with the others?—and cast on one hundred and seventy sts. Work in knit one, purl one rib for 8 inches. Cast off before it gets any worse. It won't come off? No wonder, with your tie knitted into the middle of it. Take off your tie and pull it through, *gently*.

Now sew the separate parts of the jersey together, using a very neat backstitch for the side seams.

G. D. R. DAVIES

"We are getting a bit short of boys. The ladies are to rule before long now. That is a move in the right direction."
Parish magazine

Agreed.



AT THE PLAY

Measure for Measure (STRATFORD)
Home at Seven (WYNDHAM'S)

WHETHER you regard *Measure for Measure* as an essay on contrasted kinds of chastity or as a plea for tolerance for the warmer-blooded sins, it is an awkward play to handle. Fine poetry cannot altogether cover so preposterous a situation. Mr. PETER BROOK has got round the obvious difficulties very nimbly at Stratford, where this year's company may well be the best collected there since the war. He has made the most of the background of low life, rightly forgetting about Vienna, and, using a brilliantly simple set partly designed by himself, has turned the procession of down-and-outs into a slightly Dutch edition of the "Rake's Progress." Even Hogarth would have been satisfied with his version of the prison scene, with the grotesque arms that claw through gratings and the awful faces that peer dimly from the shadows. Mr. BROOK plays tricks of course. *Pompey* distributes dirty postcards to his gaolers, which I suppose we can just swallow, but the horseplay that at last extracts *Barnardine* from his cell is tedious. On the whole, however, this side of the production is unusually alive without upsetting the balance of the principals.

There the priggish edges of character are skilfully toned down. In Miss BARBARA JEFFORD, who left the R.A.D.A. only last year, we clearly have a young actress of exceptional promise. She plays *Isabella* in a way that makes one hope to see her tackle *Juliet*.

(*Measure for Measure*

Saving Face

Vincentio—Mr. HARRY ANDREWS
Angelo—Mr. JOHN GIELGUD

Mr. JOHN GIELGUD's *Angelo* is a dignified study in psychiatry, Mr. ALAN BADEL's *Claudio* admirably young and fiery, while Mr. HARRY ANDREWS holds the play together with his sympathetic *Duke*. And the minor characters are an uncommonly vigorous crew. The comics are extravagant but comic. Nothing in this exciting production is more dramatic than the silence in which the court waits for *Isabella's* supplication for *Angelo*.

Mr. R. C. SHERRIFF's new play, *Home at Seven*, tells very quietly and very naturally how a nice little man in a suburb, who had been badly shocked in the blitz, loses count of twenty-four hours and discovers himself suspected of a murder and a robbery which he is driven to believe he may have committed, though his memory is blank. This play is in the best sense untheatrical, and everything about it is authentic, except perhaps the lightness with which a bank manager contemplates perjury; it may therefore sound ungrateful to say that I found it a little tame, and that from the moment when the barmaid cleared the hero of suspicion the interest seemed to me to slide away. But of its kind it is a good, honest piece of writing, carefully produced by Mr. MURRAY MACDONALD and impeccably acted. Sir RALPH RICHARDSON performs beautifully on a perfect wicket; Miss MARIAN SPENCER is touching as the hero's distracted wife; and Mr. CYRIL RAYMOND's kindly doctor (particularly sound), Mr. CAMPBELL SINGER's Inspector, Mr. PHILIP STAINTON's hearty Major and Mr. FREDERICK PIPER's desiccated lawyer are types from behind any urban privet hedge. As for Miss MERIEL FORBES' spirited incursion from the pub, it might have been only conventionally effective, but is in fact a reminder, should we need one, of what a gifted actress she is.

ERIC KEOWN

(*Home at Seven*

Facing Facts

Major Watson—Mr. PHILIP STAINTON; *Inspector Hemingway*—Mr. CAMPBELL SINGER; *Dr. Sparling*—Mr. CYRIL RAYMOND; *David Preston*—SIR RALPH RICHARDSON

Recommended

VENUS OBSERVED—*St. James's*—Laurence Olivier in Christopher Fry's poetic pyrotechnics.

BLACK CHIFFON—*Westminster*—Flora Robson superb in good family drama.

FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING—*Duchess*—Kathleen Harrison in the slums.

AT THE BALLET

"Mam'selle Angot"

SINCE their return from the United States we have all come to regard the Sadler's Wells Ballet with a new and reverential awe. They are no longer just Our Ballet, whose every *arabesque* we love; they have soared into an empyrean beyond our ken to become Ambassadors of Culture, Prestige-raisers and (more sordidly) Shop-windows and Hard-currency-earners. So we are enjoying them while we may, since for another and a longer spell this year they are to be labelled FOR EXPORT ONLY. We shall have to live upon memories—of *Giselle*, for instance, as we saw it the other night, with MARGOT FONTEYN dancing with the fluidity of clear spring water and the taut delicacy of the anemones now starring the woodland rides. She is the very embodiment of the Romantic Ballet, down to the last moment when she is laid tenderly by *Albrecht* (ROBERT HELPMANN) upon her flowery couch. *Giselle* shall be our most treasured memory.

PAMELA MAY, at her glittering best as *Swanilda* in *Coppelia*, shall be another. Her rôles are conceived with breadth and boldness and executed with a brilliance that at times is almost harsh. She does not sink herself, like MARGOT FONTEYN, in her rôles, making her audience conscious of all the undertones. Her approach is objective, and she seems all the time to be attentively watching and criticizing her own performance. Her *Swanilda* is dazzling, and the somewhat garish blue-and-silver costume suits her; and in JOHN HART she has a most engaging *Franz*. ROBERT HELPMANN'S *Dr. Coppelius*, the toy-maker, has been toned down. He still trundles about the stage with tiny rheumatic steps, his purple necromancer's cloak billowing behind him, and he still stumbles over the invisible obstacle on his front doorstep; but his *Coppelius*, from being a buffoon, is now a pleasantly crazy recluse, intensely vain but quite harmless. The production of *Coppelia* has been polished to the last button and tightened to the last turn of the screw.

"Scenes de Ballet"

Swan Lake in its entirety went back into the repertoire last week. But for us only the left-hand half of it existed. LESLIE HURRY'S charming sets appeared as one blue-green set of wings and an object like the skeleton of a whale on the back-cloth. That *Odette* and the handsome *Prince Siegfried* had each one shapely leg we can confidently assert. About the other we cannot dogmatize. So much depends on the point of view.

The season's novelty is *Don Quixote*, a ballet by NINETTE DE VALOIS after Cervantes. The difficulties of so complicated and literary a subject for ballet are obvious. Ideally, one should never have to consult the programme to know what is going on in a ballet, but dancing, like music, while it can express infinite nuances of mood can, unaided, tell only the very simplest story. And *Don Quixote* is far from being simple. The three principal characters—the *Don* himself, *Sancho Panza* and *Aldonza-Dulcinea*—are quite clear-cut and comprehensible, but without the programme (when the lights are down) one often cannot tell who the others are. To balance these drawbacks, however, ROBERTO GERHARD has provided one of the most colourful and dramatic musical scores with which ballet has been blessed in recent years, and EDWARD BURRA'S designs are first-rate. The inn scene, the windmill scene, and the act-drop showing the *Don* and *Sancho Panza* riding on a mule, have just the right mixture of comedy, tragedy and irony, while the choreography is wedded to the score in a way that fills one with admiration. ALEXANDER GRANT'S *Sancho Panza* is deeply touching, and the brilliant FONTEYN-HELPMANN partnership appears at its best. HELPMANN has never been better than he is as *Don Quixote*, and FONTEYN'S dancing as *Aldonza*, the wanton, whom he sees as the pure *Dulcinea*, will be another cherished memory. A turn of her head or shoulder, or a swaying from one foot to the other, is sufficient to show the whole character of *Aldonza*, while as *Dulcinea* she appears to do nothing at all.

D. C. B.

"Don Quixote"

"Checkmate"

IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

Monday, March 13th

House of Commons: Housing—and a Vote

Miss FLORENCE HORSBRUGH, who belatedly won the Moss Side division of Manchester as a Conservative, after the original candidate had died during the contest, took her seat to-day. She had a right to present herself at the Table alone (since her return was, technically, at the general election and not at a by-election) but she was so impressed by the occasion that she advanced with the ceremonial bows normally reserved for a by-election victor.

And then the normal business began—well, fairly normal. There was one big change for the better. Mr. RICHARD STOKES, the new Minister of Works, had a question to answer in that tremendous voice of his. Mr. STOKES is certainly an acquisition to the Front Bench, for he has not only a stentorian voice but a nimble, pretty and topical wit that, in the House, serves to turn away wrath more surely than the traditional soft answer. The House was in risible mood, anyway, and everything was given a political twist. When, for instance, Mr. STOKES said "The final repairs to the Treasury façade will have to wait a little longer" it fairly brought the House down, for to-morrow the Opposition plans an atomic attack on the political head of that venerable institution.

Mr. WEBB, too, had a highly successful début as Minister of Food, and the House liked his conciliatory but firm manner. He would not, for instance, promise more sugar—until he was quite sure of being able to deliver the goods.

Then there was a series of questions designed to take control of housing out of the hands of Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, the Minister of Health. These had strong support on the Government side of the House, and the outlook seemed a trifle bleak for Mr. BEVAN, who had to face an Opposition motion of censure on that very subject of Housing. However—there are always the Whips.

The moment Questions were over, Mr. WALTER ELLIOT launched his attack, in a rather over-long but witty and effective review of the Government's housing record.

Mr. BEVAN, his feet on the Table, made an elaborate show of indifference, even when Mr. ELLIOT congratulated him on his recovery from a recent indisposition and his restoration to "what I may call, without offence, his usual *rude* health." Mr. ELLIOT suggested various practical ways in which the shortage of houses might be met—and, altogether, it was a speech that would have delighted the heart of Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, with his keen desire for a more vigorous Opposition. But Mr. M. was not present.

Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. Strachey
Secretary for War (Dundee West)

There followed a brilliant contribution from Lady MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE and a long string of maiden speeches, many of them of a promising standard. Mr. LIONEL HEALD, from the Conservative benches, was able to make a series of effective points in a speech which lasted but seven minutes, and he was given a long cheer for so novel a performance.

Sir DAVID MAXWELL-FYFE wound up for the Opposition, and there was an anticipatory rustle as Mr. BEVAN rose to reply. He had no notes—which was perhaps why he did not refer much to the debate. He claimed that "as a piece of administrative organization the housing record of Great Britain is the best in the world." He referred to the "sustained lying of the Tory Press" and to the Opposition's "hypocritical amendment." (Neither of these sure-fire cheer-raisers seemed, for once, to work.) And he ended by announcing that, while about 200,000 houses were expected to be built this year, the total next year would be down to 175,000 or 180,000.

Which was precisely the case made by the Opposition—that at a time when more houses were a crying need the number was to be cut. However, this trifling matter made no difference to the vote, and, with the aid of 66⅔ per cent of the Liberals, the Government won by 314 votes to 289—majority 25.

Tuesday, March 14th

House of Commons: The Chancellor Arraigned

To-day it was the turn of Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to defend himself against the charge that he had permitted heavy Government over-spending, having a few months ago said none would be permitted save in "exceptional circumstances." This, said Captain HARRY CROOKSHANK, showed that the Chancellor had no real control over the extravagance of his spending colleagues. Captain CROOKSHANK also complained that the supplementary estimates, totalling some £140 millions, had been concealed from the electors, although the Government must have known about them before the election. So he moved a vote of censure on the Chancellor.

Sir STAFFORD said all these charges were nonsense and that every one of the forty or so items of over-spending came within the definition of "exceptional" and was therefore approved. Before the incredulous gasps had died away he hinted that there were plenty more to come, even though the Government did intend to economize where possible, especially in the Health Service.

"Well, I suppose you realize you'll have to wear it through the Customs."

The attendance thinned considerably, but the House filled up again as Dr. CHARLES HILL, known as the Radio Doctor, rose on the Liberal National bench to make his maiden speech. It was a good speech, and was loudly applauded—from the Government benches.

And in the end (the Liberals having decided to abstain) the vote of censure on the Chancellor was rejected by a majority of 19, and Sir STAFFORD left the court without a stain on his character.

Wednesday, March 15th

House of Commons: Talk About Transport

There was one fact which brought a long, roaring, non-Party cheer in to-day's debate on transport. It was that not one passenger was killed on Britain's railway system last year, out of the 992,000,000 carried. Everybody was proud of that, but they were less (far less) proud of the financial side of the nationalized transport system. Mr. PETER THORNEYCROFT, the Opposition's expert on the subject, startled fellow-Members by reminding them that, while they talked, the railways were losing money at the rate of £50 a minute.

However, Mr. ALFRED BARNES, the Minister of Transport, was less pessimistic, although he hinted (or so the House took it) that railway freight rates are to go up pretty steeply.

Thursday, March 16th

House of Commons: Seretse Khama (contd.)

Mr. GORDON-WALKER made a new statement about the case of Seretse Khama, banned for five years from the chieftainship of the Bamangwatos. It was an open secret that there had been big trouble in the Government's ranks over the Cabinet's action, and the Liberals had overnight set a very large and whiskery cat among the Governmental pigeons by tabling a virtual motion of censure on Ministers.

However, when it came to Question - time Mr. GORDON-WALKER was able to deal with the matter with surprising ease. He said Seretse Khama was to be allowed to return to his own land in order to handle personal affairs but that the banishment order must stand. There would, he added, be a White Paper on the subject, and this ended the matter for the present.

The debate was on Defence, and Mr. EMANUEL SHINWELL made his bow as Minister. This he did with an efficiency (and smooth politeness) which pleased the House.

Mr. CHURCHILL, in a long speech, hinted at the advisability of giving Germany some responsibility for her own protection and asked for a secret session on Defence. Mr. ATTLEE looked with disfavour on both these suggestions.

Lord Walkden

IT is very much regretted that, under a drawing published in "Impressions of Parliament" on March 8, Lord Walkden was wrongly described as Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. Lord Walkden gave up this appointment in June 1949. It is now held by the Earl of Lucan.

SPRING, PALETHORPE, AND SIR HENRY HAVELOCK

AT eleven o'clock this morning the moon reaches its apogee. That may not matter to you, but it matters to astronomers and it matters to me, and it's going to matter to Palethorpe.

Palethorpe and I spent the last evening of 1949 together. At five minutes to midnight we found ourselves in Trafalgar Square under the shadow of Sir Henry Havelock, at peace with each other and with the throng of revellers.

"Grand to be seeing the Old Year out," remarked Palethorpe.

"The New Year in," I corrected him. I am a forward-looking individual.

We both stood our ground; things like that matter round about midnight. As twelve struck, instead of joining hands for "Auld Lang Syne," we stalked off angrily in opposite directions.

On Monday at the office we shook hands and agreed to wipe out the whole incident by meeting in Trafalgar Square to see spring in together. There could be no misunderstanding about that. Even a chronic nostalgic like Palethorpe wouldn't care about seeing winter out.

I consulted an almanack to determine the precise moment of spring's arrival. It was to be at 5 A.M. on March 21. I told Palethorpe. In his usual engaging but ineffectual manner he jotted it down on his shirt-cuff; that means he loses his list of engagements every three days. As is my habit when consulting almanacks, I acquired a certain amount of other miscellaneous information at the same time; for the present I kept this to myself.

At three-twenty-one yesterday morning, March 21, I was called, as arranged, by telephone. I informed the operator that at that very moment the tide had reached its flood under London Bridge. It is good sometimes to stand in awe with one's fellow-men before these great natural events.

At four o'clock I left home. Jupiter was rising over the south-east horizon behind the waterworks. In Notting Hill Gate I met only one other man, and I felt it right to wish him good morning. As it was four-twenty and he replied to my greeting with a Scottish accent I thought he would be interested to know that it was high water at Leith.

In Trafalgar Square there was no sign of Palethorpe. Nor of any other revellers. Spring isn't the same draw as the New Year. I saw a man and woman, apparently on their way home from night-shift, feeding an early pigeon. At one minute to five I invited them to join me in welcoming the spring. As the sun entered Aries we joined hands and danced round Sir Henry Havelock, singing "Sumer is i-cumen in." It was rather inappropriate, but it was the only song we could remember at the moment.

I lingered on, waiting to reproach the shamefaced Palethorpe when he should arrive. At six-two I shared the moment of sunrise in London with a Cockney street cleaner. As six-nineteen approached I looked round for a Scot to share with me the moment of sunrise in Glasgow, and picked on a likely-looking policeman. "Land of my fathers!" he exclaimed when I told him of the impending event, "iss that so?" At six-forty-four I shared moonrise in London with a couple of sceptical employees of the Metropolitan Water Board and went home to breakfast.

After that I couldn't trust myself in the office yesterday, but I'm going there to-day, and there'll be a reckoning with Palethorpe. At ten-forty-five I shall say "Come on, Palethorpe, we've just time for coffee before we go to Trafalgar Square to see the moon reach its apogee."

Palethorpe is innocent. Plucking at his shirt-cuff, he will reply "We were going together to see spring arrive, not the moon reach its apogee."

"Quite right," I shall say, "*we were.*" And as the moon reaches its apogee elevenses will be on Palethorpe.

MARCH HARE

GORSE-wall guarded,
in secret run,
loll-eared droll, he
dances in the sun
light of foot and silent
as his shadow's springing;
gamboller, golden-eyed,
vaulting, flinging;
loose-legged, puppet-strung,
frenzied hare,
capering, crazed
with the mad March air.
Sweet grow the grasses
and the green bush-shoots,
sweet breathes the earth
and its nursling fruits:
faun and satyr,
the vine-veiled crew,
dancing, Dionysian,
revel here anew
with this sun-drunk, spring-stirred,
wind-wild loon
in antic ecstasy,
nimble in the noon:
puck in play
to pan-pipe heard
in the wind's wood-whispering
and beak of bird:
dazed elf in dithyramb,
hob-and-nob
with furred, hob-goblin,
lop-wit
Lob.

ALUN LLEWELLYN

BOOKING OFFICE

Private and Public Worlds

THE late Denton Welch's *A Voice Through a Cloud* was not quite completed when he died and has been published as he left it. Denton Welch lived through the 'thirties and 'forties completely absorbed by his memories and uninterested in anything that did not immediately impinge upon his hypersensitivities. A jewelled powder-box seen on his mother's dressing-table when he was nine, a jade statue bought with his pocket money on his boyhood trip to China, the face of a patient in one of the hospitals he describes in his last book, were more important to him than the social phenomena that critical theory used to tell us were the main subject of literature. Only in the courage with which he devoted himself to the art of writing was he admirable by ordinary standards of morality, yet any theory of literature which does not make room for quality of writing like Welch's *must* be wrong.

He lacked Proust's power of generalizing from subjective experience and Barbellion's realization that one man's self-analysis could be a criticism of an age; but the intensity with which he saw his self-enclosed universe and the clear, fresh prose with which he described it give his work the hard timelessness of cut gems. All his books, whether or not thinly disguised as fiction, hypnotize the reader into accepting the importance of his private world. This account of the year which followed his accident is unbearably vivid and compels equal interest in its descriptions of pain and of unnecessary social embarrassments. The visions and images are copious and beautiful. All the people are seen solely in their changing relationships with the writer; but they are sharply individualized, probable and new. Welch never attempted to describe anything he had not responded to when he encountered it. This is much the best of his books. The work of a freak genius—a category in which Aldous Huxley once included Beddoes and D. H. Lawrence—it will probably live on with the curious vitality of a minor classic, while the reputations of major classics ebb and flow and sometimes fade away.

Mr. Patrick Bair's *Faster! Faster!* is an allegorical story which shows an acute sense of what is happening in the world. There is little of Mr. Bair, much of the times he lives in. As literature it is in quite a different class from "A Voice Through a Cloud," though on its own level it is very effective. Mr. Bair holds the attention by sheer narrative skill. One wants to know what happens next to his train, which rushes ever faster while the third class passengers work in horrible conditions, the second class supervise them and the first class enjoy their ease. When the crash comes the third class take command and there is a struggle for power ending in the emergence of a new leadership. There is nothing very new about the content of the allegory; it says the kind of things about revolutions that have often been said before. However, it is an effective bit of work in the tradition of "Animal Farm" and exciting to read. The hero and heroine are real people, in whose private lives among these public events one can take a restful interest.

Mrs. Judith Kelly's novel *A Diplomatic Incident* is a passionate protest against the assumption that war between the U.S.A. and Russia is inevitable. With no illusions about the difficulty of the approach, she argues that the only hope for the world is for the peace-loving elements in both civilizations, the Tolstoyans in Russia and the heirs of Lincoln in America, to make a mystic alliance against the cynical power politics of the State Department and the Kremlin. There is a certain vagueness about the optimism behind this thesis, but at least Miss Kelly does attempt to deal with a problem of mortal gravity by moral means. She would have been more convincing if she had embodied her views in a pamphlet and not in a spy thriller. She is not really gripped by her own story. Some of the incidents begin as quite exciting episodes but peter out in wordy argument. The characters are not alive and the novel lacks momentum, physical and intellectual. With probably the most important theme of the three books it has the least literary merit.

R. G. G. PRICE

All the World and its Cats

There have been treatises on cats and anthologies of cat poetry, and now Lady Aberconway has combined the two in *A Dictionary of Cat Lovers* which, as its title implies, is something more than either. Ranging the centuries from the fifteenth B.C. to the present, she has gathered together practically everybody one could think of (with a great many people one is quite unlikely to have thought of) who has submitted to,

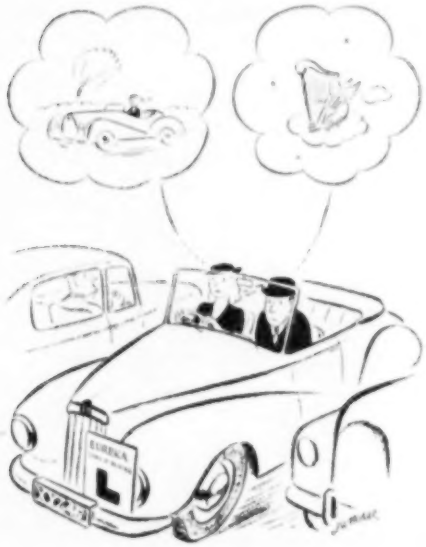
"Henry's bought me a washing machine. He says it's time we started getting a little fun out of life."

or celebrated in prose or verse, by brush or pencil, the strange but perennial fascination of the feline. The result is a mine of out-of-the-way information and entertaining anecdote, interspersed with pertinent comment, and of literature in every mood, from the frivolity of the Duchesse du Maine to the brooding intensity of Baudelaire. The alphabetical arrangement enhances the effect of variety: Abraham Lincoln rubs shoulders with Jenny Lind, Saint Philip Neri with Sir Isaac Newton, Huysmans with Hywel Dda. The pictures from papyrus to photograph are equally heterogeneous. F. B.

Gentlemen of the Press

The setting of *The Big Wheel* is a suite of offices occupied by "Present Day," a "magazine of ideas," thirty-nine floors up in a New York skyscraper. We know it well from the films. In this rarefied atmosphere the staff writers (or editors as the Americans call them) churn out their copy, drink immoderately, belabour their chief's reputation and integrity behind his back, and manœuvre for promotion. We know them well from the films: they are cynical and disillusioned, but well aware on which side their bread is buttered. Then, for once, conscience gets the better of discretion and one editor admits to writing with his tongue in his cheek. He is promptly sacked. This minor disturbance develops with a bang into a promising revolt, and then, after much ineffectual mental scuffling, dwindles away with a whimper. The story of this first novel is slight and sketchy, but the argument, though somewhat amorphous, is lively and stimulating. John Brooks is certainly a name worth remembering.

A. B. H.



Album Leaves

Everyone who is interested in the first stammerings of photography, and all lovers of Lewis Carroll, will find *Lewis Carroll, Photographer* an engrossing purchase. Most of us have come across one example or another of Charles Dodgson's studies of celebrities and little girls. (Nobodies and little boys he avoided.) But Mr. Helmut Gernsheim's monograph furnishes not only an expert account of Victorian photography, from Daguerre onwards, but letters, diaries, verses (many of them hitherto unpublished) and over three-score plates illustrating the fervour—if not always the success—with which Lewis Carroll pursued his hobby. The work was still precariously experimental and handicapped by the Victorian child's passion for dressing-up and the caprices of nitrate of silver and proto-sulphate of iron. Even so, there came a time when the photographer could write to the sitter:

Your picture shall adorn the book
That's bound so neatly and morocco'd
With that bright green that every cook
Delights to see in beds of cauliflower.

H. P. E.

Poor Poppa

Her daughter's wedding is a peak in a mother's career which she scales with eager, tireless feet. It proclaims her a master of the grand strategy nearest to her heart. It is her day. With a father the whole thing strikes quite differently. He is losing his little girl; his quiet home is turned into a raging battlefield for reasons incomprehensible to a male; and his economic ruin appears inevitable. Now at last a book has been written entirely from the point of view of this universal sufferer, and *Father of the Bride* should bring a glow to the cheeks of all men of gentle spirit who see their daughters' marriages as dark clouds in the domestic sky. Mr. Edward Streeter is an American humorist who is really funny. His wit is barbed but at the same time sympathetic, and there is nothing he doesn't know about nuptial horrors. The specimen wedding he describes is illustrated, most poignantly, by Mr. Gluyas Williams. E. O. D. K.

Books Reviewed Above

A Voice Through a Cloud. Denton Welch. (John Lehmann, 10/6).

Faster! Faster! Patrick Bair. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 9/6).

A Diplomatic Incident. Judith Kelly. (Gollancz, 10/6).

A Dictionary of Cat Lovers. Christabel Aberconway. (Michael Joseph, 30/-).

The Big Wheel. John Brooks. (Gollancz, 9/6).

Lewis Carroll, Photographer. Helmut Gernsheim. (Max Parish, 17/6).

Father of the Bride. Edward Streeter. (Hamish Hamilton, 8/6).

Other Recommended Books

Seven Men and Two Others. Max Beerbohm. (Heinemann, 10/6) A handsome new edition of "Seven Men" with the addition of "Felix Argallo and Walter Ledgett," previously printed under another title, which fits in beautifully among the other stories.

The Edge of Doom. Leo Brady. (Cresset Press, 9/6) Murder and discovery; no whodunit, however, but an observant and moving study of simple people at odds with the Church and with life. A very able first novel.

I TALKED TOO MUCH

BEES don't usually swarm before May, and, indeed, bees that swarm in May are reckoned pretty progressive bees. I once knew a colony of bees that swarmed in January, which is almost certainly a record for this country, although probably not for Australia or South Africa. It wasn't a mild January, either; it was snowing at the time. I knew that swarm well. In fact it was a swarm that followed me around.

The average person is not much bothered with being followed around by bees. *I* was, because I used to be such an interesting talker. This particular January I was staying on a farm in Devon, and the farmer told me it was a country belief that you had to keep bees informed of what was going on. They liked to be in the know, he explained, and when anything important happened in your family it was very unlucky not to pass it on to the bees.

As it happened, my old grandfather had just gone to his rest. Apparently it was deaths the bees liked to be kept posted on best, and I asked the farmer if he thought his bees would be interested to hear about my grandfather. He was rather doubtful, as his bees had never had the pleasure of knowing my grandfather, but he said there couldn't be any harm in just mentioning it to them. He said it might save unpleasantness if they ever got to hear of it from outside sources and wondered why we had kept them in the dark.

So I strolled down to the hive—there was only one hive; I was thankful for that, later on—and broke the news to them. I went on to tell them a bit about my grandfather, to make it seem more personal to them. He had had a colourful and adventurous life, and I got quite interested myself.

The next day there was an awful buzzing going on in the hive. The farmer came in and said he believed the bees wanted to hear more about my grandfather. There wasn't really any more to tell about him, except one or two yarns he used to spin about old experiences in the Klondyke, which I thought were a bit too tall for the bees to swallow. So I took a newspaper out and entertained them by reading out, and commenting on, the principal items of news.

This got to be a regular thing. I had to do it every day until I left, and when I left, the bees left too. The farmer was a man somewhat given to taciturnity, and I don't suppose they had ever listened to a real conversationalist before. They thought I was too good a thing to lose sight of.

They came out in a cloud, shivering a little, and swarmed on an apple-tree. The snow was falling, and it made an interesting and unusual sight. The farmer said he wished he had a film in his camera. Indeed, it was so interesting and unusual that we wondered whether the bees ought to be told about it. However, they were only waiting to see which way I went. My taxi arrived and I got in, and the bees broke formation and came along.

They got to the station first and were waiting on the platform for me.

When they had seen me safely aboard they swarmed in a neat and orderly fashion into the guard's van.

There was some acrimony at Paddington, partly because the guard wanted me to pay their fares, and partly because he claimed it was against railway regulations to send bees unwrapped. I said they were not my bees, which was perfectly true, but the bees were listening eagerly to my words and behaving with dog-like devotion, and nobody believed me.

I was allowed to depart at last on condition I took the bees with me. The railway feared they might be discouraging people from travelling. We all walked, or flew, to my lodgings, and the bees, after waiting some time on the doorstep for me to come out, went round to the side of the house and cleaned out the dust-bin and took possession.

Fortunately, my landlady did not associate me with the bees. Even more fortunately, neither did the dustmen who tried to empty the dust-bin.

I soothed the bees with a couple of anecdotes I had heard on the radio, and which I am afraid they thought were true.

The farmer down in Devon turned crusty, and sued me for the cost of the bees. I said he could have the bees back, and welcome, but it was the money he wanted, and he placed a fabulous value on them. He maintained that by tradition a swarm in July was worth rather less than a butterfly, a swarm in June was worth a silver spoon, and a swarm in May was worth a load of hay. On that sliding-scale goodness alone knew what a swarm in January was worth, but he reckoned a hundred pounds was cheap.

The action came to Court, and I am glad to say I won my case. I pleaded that a swarm of bees belonged to the finder, and that the original owner, although granted rights of trespass in pursuing them, ceased to be their owner once they had vanished out of his sight. The farmer himself had told me this—a thing I fancy he now regretted.

My victory had the drawback of establishing me as the owner of the bees in law. At the end of January my landlady, refusing my offer to buy her another dust-bin, gave me a fortnight's notice, and half way through February the bees had to swarm again. Altogether, they swarmed six times up to the end of April, by which time it was getting hard to find lodgings. Looking back, I see that those bees had an abnormal thirst for knowledge. I did my best not to talk to them, but they *would* have it, and it is difficult not to fall in with the wishes of a swarm of bees.

The bees and I led a roving life. After two years I had seven bee-colonies and white hair. I had lived in most of England and parts of Scotland, and I should probably have emigrated if a way of escape had not dawned on me. This was to stop being an interesting talker, and become a bore.

It took me several months to turn myself into a bore. It did not come naturally to me, but I did it. I talked interminably about nothing at all, I repeated myself, I fussed after exact names and dates and forgot what I wanted them for when I finally remembered them. I got so good at last that the bees used to go out the back way when they saw me coming.

So they left me. I don't know where they went, but they are such highly-educated bees, they'll be all right wherever they are.

I have been a bore ever since.

"Well, you see, baby dropped his Teddy bear in the lake."

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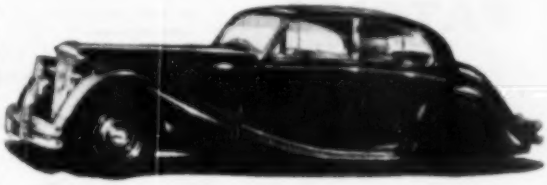
Louise Barlow . . . writing in *The Autocar*, said "Without exceeding 2,500 r.p.m. (the Jaguar) passed every car on the climb to 6,500 ft. . . . Although we ourselves felt somewhat out of breath at 9,000 ft. altitudes, they never seemed to affect the Jaguar and no matter how hard we drove coming down the mountain grades, we always had plenty of braking power and never experienced what my mechanically minded husband calls 'fading.' Together with over a hundred other Hollywood motorists, I have learned that the Jaguar is quite a motor car and the harder one drives it, the better it seems."



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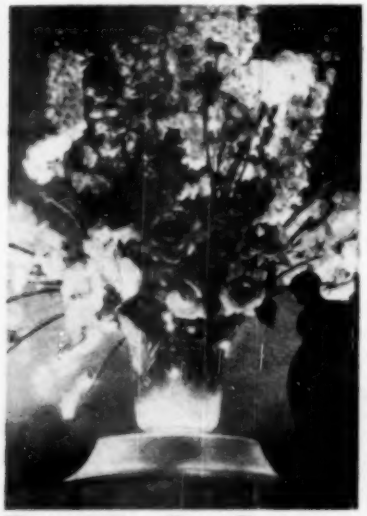

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THE OPTIMIST
"Leave them wi' me and I'll see what I can do for yo. The laces are no sae bad."

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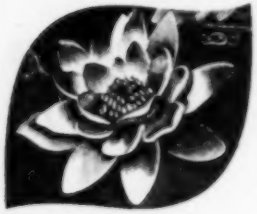

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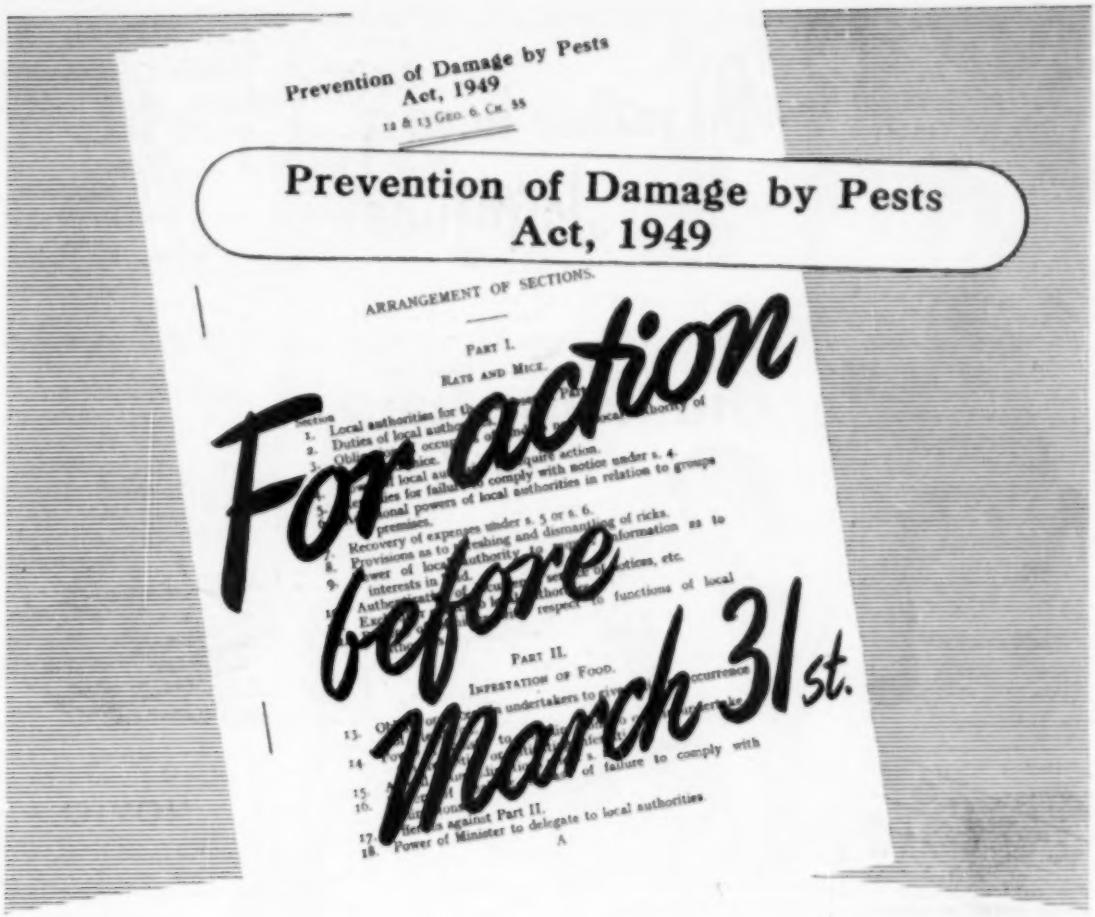

On March 31st the Prevention of Damage by Pests Act comes into operation. To owners and occupiers of land and premises the important fact to note under this new Act is that it is *their responsibility to see that effective steps are taken to clear their land and premises and prevent any re-infestation by rats, mice, and insect pests.* This fact was emphasised by the Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture in the House of Commons when speaking on the Act (*Hansard 14th July*, 1949).

Don't delay ! Get your premises cleared AT ONCE.

The Ratin Service is the largest commercial organisation of its kind in the country. The employment by the Ratin Service of the latest scientific methods means that the natural cunning and suspicions of rats and mice are defeated, thus whole colonies are wiped out.

Write TO-DAY for our new folder explaining your responsibility under the Act and giving details of how the Ratin Service can clear your premises and keep them clear.

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Nipits
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FOR VOICE, THROAT & CHEST
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I'd rather have a Jaffajuce

BECAUSE YOU CAN REALLY TASTE ITS QUALITY

the home-help
who lives in!

Mr Therm burns to serve you!

Let Mr. Therm be your cook-general while you take your time over the shopping. He'll cook the dinner to a turn while you are away, for modern gas cookers have automatic oven control. You set the dial: Mr. Therm does the rest—and there you are, dinner ready to dish up right on time! See the smart new cookers at your Gas Showrooms.

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by PEEK FREAN

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you will find it better value than any other Toilet Paper.

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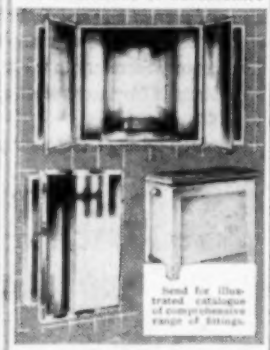
MODERN BATHROOM FURNISHINGS
'THE HALL-MARK OF SUPERIORITY'



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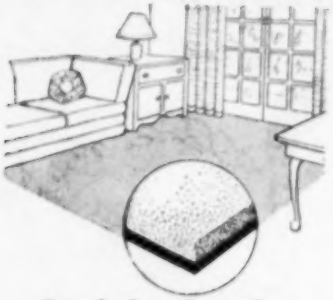

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St Martin
'CHUNKY'
MARMALADE

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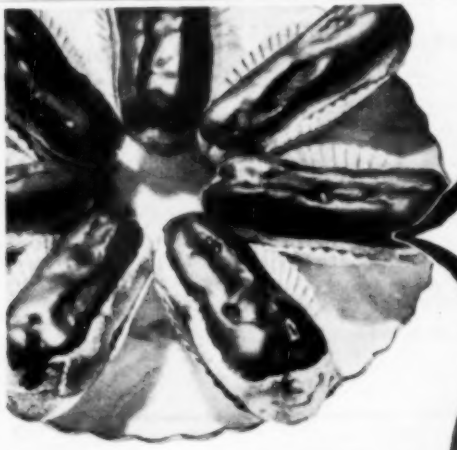
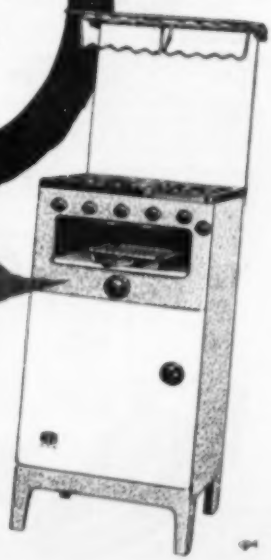


Does success in cooking depend on a 'flair'?

NO—IN THE MAIN IT'S JUST PLAIN COMMONSENSE



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MAIN gas cookers

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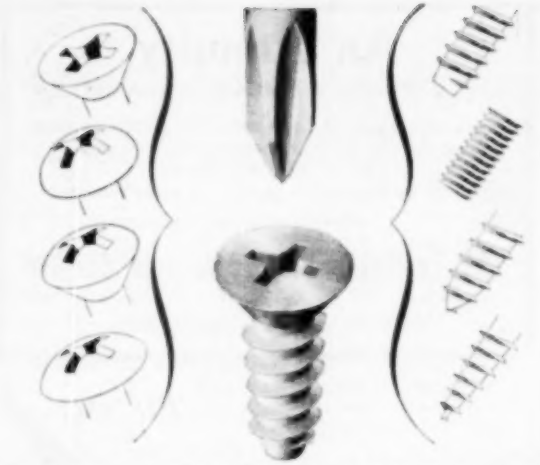

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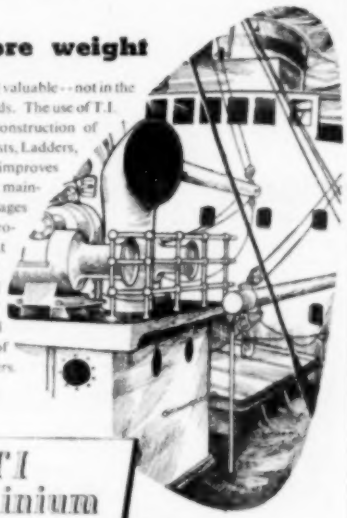

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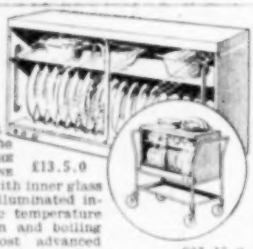
GOOD COOKING



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Coopers V-FRONT underwear

Made exclusively in Great Britain by
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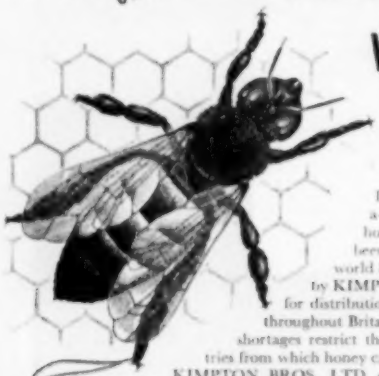

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KIMPTON BROS. LTD.
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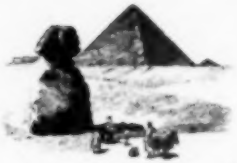
DOLCIN
Reg. Trade Mark

DOLCIN, 110 JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Whether in Switzerland...



...or in Egypt

and wherever fine cigarettes are appreciated.... smokers choose

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

STATE EXPRESS 555

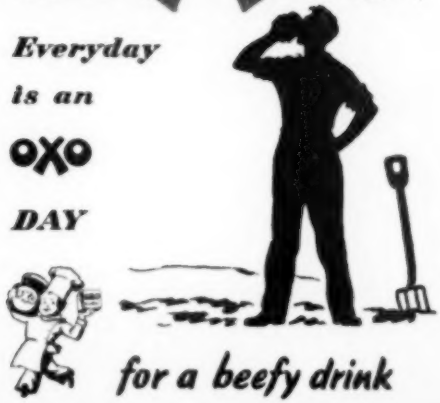
The House of STATE EXPRESS 210 PICCADILLY LONDON, W.1

2

From

SUNRISE to SUNSET

Everyday is an OXO DAY



for a beefy drink

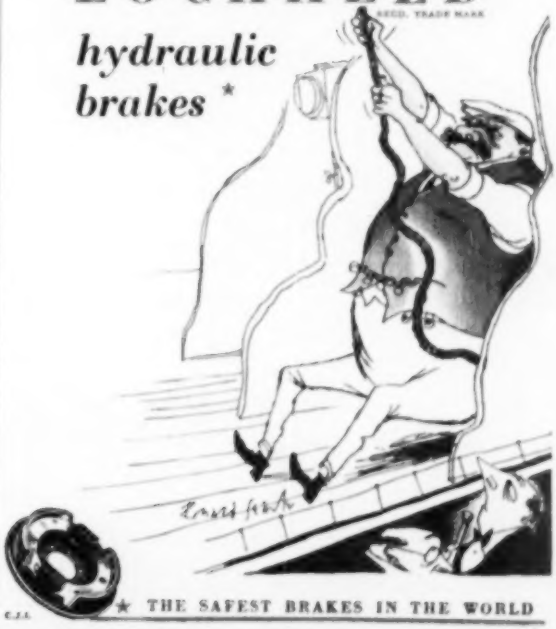
HIS JOB IS VERY LIKE OURS

Both of us work out of sight—both are concerned with pulling up—and both take greatest possible care not to let anyone down.

LOCKHEED

REGD. TRADE MARK

hydraulic brakes *



C.J.L. ★ THE SAFEST BRAKES IN THE WORLD

AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS COMPANY LTD., LEAMINGTON SPA

This medallion is the distinguishing mark of a car tyre unequalled in strength durability and performance.

DUNLOP 'FORT'

In a Class by Itself

5012/105

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